

THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OF

Politics and General Literature.

VOL. II.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1822.

[No. 82]

MISCELLANEOUS.

—373—

Summary of News.

Through the kindness of a Friend, we have obtained the use of two English Papers, *THE COURIER* of October 22, and 23, which were procured by Captain Rawson of the *HELEN*, from the *HANNAH*, at the time of their meeting at sea. They came into our possession at too late an hour yesterday to admit of our republishing any articles of length from their columns, even had they contained any thing of great public interest, but as this is not the case, we must be content to occupy a column or two with a *precis* of their contents.

Among the Advertisements of the former Number, we observe that the Theatrical Piece of the Coronation was still performing at Drury Lane.

The Ship *HOOCHLY*, Captain Lamb, is advertised to sail for Madras and Calcutta, though it is stated that she had not yet arrived in England, but was "daily expected" from India, and would be dispatched again immediately.

The Ship *GLOBE*, Captain Curzens, is advertised for the Isle of France and Ceylon:—and the *GOLCONDA*, Captain Edwards, for Madras and Calcutta, to sail early in January.

Among the New Books we observe "The Correspondence between Sir Robert Wilson and His Royal Highness the Duke of York and the Electors of Southwark, to which is added Testimonials from the Allied Sovereigns, their Ministers &c. &c. of the important Military Services of Sir Robert Wilson, as produced before the French Tribunals." The motto affixed to this publication is this. "Justice is not derived from the King as from a free gift, but he is Steward of the Public to dispense it to whom it is due." BLACKSTONE.

From Spain, advices to the 7th of October state that the Cortes were engaged in discussing the important plan of the new division of the Spanish Territory. The contagious fever still continued at Barcelona, and the principal cities of Spain were strictly guarded to prevent its spread.

A Telegraphic Establishment for public use has been formed in France, by which individuals may correspond from Paris to the sea ports, and intelligence be sent to and from ships, &c. An experiment has been made, and intelligence communicated from Bordeaux to Paris in five minutes only. Some thing of this sort might, under Mr. Conolly's superintendence, easily be effected between Saugor Island and Calcutta, and would be fully as advantageous to the Public as the New Road now forming in that line.

From Turkey, the latest accounts state that tranquillity was not yet restored. At Constantinople, Christians were still publicly insulted. At Acre, the French Consul had been obliged to escape by flight. At Salonica, some executions had taken place. The Bishop of this place had been hung at Constantinople. The Bishop of Kitro, who replaced him *pro tempore*, the Primate Ballanot, and Menexis, a Merchant, had been decapitated; and the day after their execution twenty-five other victims were given up to the horrible punishment of impalement. At Larnica, in Cyprus, the Turks had begun to murder the Greeks. The Bishop of Nicosia, Primate of the Island, and three other Bishops, with several religious Greeks, had fallen victims to the fury of the Turks, who spared no Europeans. The European Consuls had sent their families to Italy, and all who could escape from the Island had hastened to abandon it.

Prince Ypsilanti appears to be again active and successful. Monembasia, or Napoli di Malvoisia, at the head of the Gulph of Argos had been besieged by the Greeks, and the garrison had been driven by famine to eat horses, rats, and even human flesh. They at length surrendered to Prince Catcauzene. The Battle of Mycala had also been disastrous to the Turks; and the fortress and garrison of Navarino, the most important in the Morea, on account of its port, had surrendered to Prince Ypsilanti on the 25th of August. The Greeks found there 16 pieces of brass cannon, from 24 to 36 pounders, 8 mortars, 2,000 muskets, and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores. The principal mosque was instantly converted into a Church, under the name of St. Dionysius the Areopagite.

From Italy the news extends to the 2d of October. A trial had taken place of the murderers of Gaupietro, 23 were found guilty, of whom 4 were sentenced to die: 3 of these were guillotined, and one reprieved, who was sent with the others to the galleys.

The Pope's Bull, by which the Carbonari were excommunicated, had been read in the Churches; but the Neapolitans, it is said, now rather despise than dread the thunders of the Church.

Ireland appeared to be in the most disturbed state—so short was the reign of that "everlasting concord" which was to follow the King's Visit. A Mr. Going, one of the Heads of the Police, had been murdered on his return from Limerick. £2000 are offered for the apprehension of his murderers. Though Alderman Darley had been censured by His Majesty through Lord Sidmouth, for proposing the obnoxious Orange Toast, "The glorious and immortal Memory of King William" yet this had been repeated by the New Lord Mayor of Dublin, who had received Addresses on the occasion, one of which from the "Aldermen of Skinner's Alley;" says "convinced of the value of those talents so eminently displayed in the dignified and truly consistent conduct pursued by your Lordship upon this day of your inauguration dinner, their unanimous feeling is that you are entitled to their best thanks, and to the thanks and praises of all classes of your countrymen by proposing the Memory of King William the Third! &c. &c. &c." Among the peasantry of Mayo's, secret oaths and combinations were alarmingly prevalent, and the reign of harmony and conciliation had already entirely passed away!

The *LIFFEY* Frigate was recommissioned at Portsmouth for Commodore Charles Grant's broad pendant, who is appointed to succeed Rear Admiral Blackwood in the East Indies. The *TEES* was also to sail for this country to relieve the *DAUNTLESS*.

An invention has been made at Portsmouth which enables shipwrights to work under water, so that the dangerous custom of heeling ships over to repair is rendered unnecessary.

Intelligence had been received at home of the Fall of Lima to San Martin and Lord Cochrane. Dispatches from Sir Thomas Hardy and from Captain Hall of the *CONWAY* had been received also through Valparaiso, giving details of the armistice between the Patriot Army and the Government of Lima.

Up to the latest dates from the continent, it was uncertain whether the King of England would visit the Austrian capital or not. The report which had been circulated of His Majesty's intention to proceed thither, had drawn a number of persons to Vienna; the general belief was, however, that this would not take place.

Letters from Paris of October 19th, state that the Duke Decazes was expected there from London, but would soon depart again to resume his post as Ambassador at the English Court.

It was reported at Marseilles that it was not the yellow fever that prevailed at Leghorn, but the *Cholera Morbus*, which had been brought by a Ship from Batavia.

His Majesty the King of England was daily expected at Coblenz, and was to visit Frankfort and other cities in that neighbourhood before his return to England.

A person named William Griffiths was tried at the Westminster Sessions on the 20th of October, for riotously assembling with others at Knightsbridge on the 26th of August, and continuing there after the Riot Act had been read. The Jury immediately acquitted him.

The foregoing heads are all gleaned from the *Courier* of October 22. That Paper of the following day is occupied more fully with details of the outrages in Ireland. The following particulars are also gathered from it.

The King was at Hanover on the 16th of October, giving public audiences seated on the throne, receiving Addresses, and answering them in the German language, and in the evenings attending serenades by torch light, given by the Military Officers there. His Majesty's ministers with their Ladies were also at Hanover. Lord Londonderry appears to be the King's Favorite. His Majesty was suffering occasionally from attacks of gout. Reviews, Dinners, Balls, and Entertainments crowded on each other, and all the distinguished persons of Europe appeared to be assembled at them.

The following are all the Extracts we have time to make from the *Courier* of the 23d :

"The accounts from the South of Ireland this morning continue, we regret to say, of the most painful character. Indeed sufficient time has not yet elapsed for the precautionary measures of Government to have their due effect, and the misguided wretches seem determined not to relax in their atrocious career. More murders have been perpetrated, and more dwellings assailed for the criminal purpose of obtaining arms. In connexion with this daring system of plunder, we find it mentioned in a Limerick paper, that a considerable quantity of Lead had been purchased at the cellars and standings in the Old Town, last week by country people. Thus provided with the means of inflicting death, and impelled by sanguinary passions, which defy control, it is not surprising that such calamitous occurrences should take place as those we have recorded in a preceding page, and those which it is our painful task to subjoin.

The greatest degree of alarm necessarily prevails throughout the country of Limerick, in consequence of the murders and outrages daily committed there. A large military force, however, is to occupy the county; and several detachments of regiments, and active Police Magistrates, have already arrived in the most disturbed parts.

The Irish Government are indefatigable in their labours to investigate the causes of the outrages, and to apply an efficient remedy. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, we are assured, spends several hours daily at the Castle, devoting his personal exertions to these objects. The whole of Friday and Saturday morning, his Excellency was thus engaged. Mr. Secretary GRANT who had arrived from his seat from Scotland; Mr. Secretary GREGORY, and his Majesty's Law Officers, were in consultation with the Lord Lieutenant till a late hour on Saturday evening.

Major WARBURTON, who is the Chief Magistrate of Police in the county of Limerick, and who was summoned to Dublin to afford, personally, information regarding the outrages which disgrace that county, was examined some hours on the subject; after which, he immediately left the Castle to resume his functions. We have reason to believe that Government have such measures in contemplation as will effectually reduce the distur-

bed district to order and obedience; and we hope, devoutly, in a short time. The other parts of the kingdom are in a state of perfect tranquillity."

"Paris, October 19.—The Viscount de RUAULT, who assassinated General DUJEON, has this day been condemned to death. After the Jury had pronounced him guilty of all the charges contained in the indictment, and when the question was put to him whether he had any thing to say, he replied, with the greatest coolness, 'that he entreated the Judges to condemn him to death.' When the Judges returned from the Council-room, they read to him the sentence of death, and informed him that he might appeal to the Court of Cassation. He answered, that he should not do so."

Lisbon Papers to the 6th instant have arrived this morning. They are filled chiefly with the proceedings in the Cortes, in which we discern an indiscriminate eagerness for change, rather than a temperate amelioration of admitted evils. The Portuguese legislators seem to act upon the principle of a certain domestic proverb, that "new brooms sweep clean;" and they are in fact sweeping out of the old house every thing they find, to make room for the new constitutional furniture. We shall see how the place will look, when they have put it all in order.

His Eminence the Archbishop of PARIS has probably, ere this, paid the debt of nature. The last bulletin, dated nine o'clock on Friday evening, announced that "the pulsation was declining, and danger every moment becoming more imminent."

The following are the articles that were prepared for the Press before the Numbers of the *Courier* reached us:

London, September 15, 1821.—The mock-Constitutional Association and its honorary Secretary, Mr. J. B. SHARPE, have sustained a double defeat in one day, the former having two bills preferred against Mr. HONE, the bookseller, for seditious libels, and the latter one preferred against a Sunday newspaper, for a defamatory speech, thrown out yesterday by the Grand Jury of Middlesex. Will this knavish and degraded crew never learn from their repeated repulses by grand and petty juries, from the indignant chastisements of the independent press, and the general abhorrence and indignation of their fellow-citizens, that their malignity has been too much exposed ever to be dangerous, and that their existence is considered as a nuisance to society? We had lately an instance of some Jurymen who resolved rather to perish with hunger than bring in a verdict of guilty on an indictment proceeding from a source so polluted; and that there may be no necessity again for the exercise of a similar courage, the Grand Jury seem determined to exclude the "gang" from Court, and have refused to send their indictments to trial. The money which they collect from their dupes (whom we always wish to separate from the knavish agents of the combination) by misrepresentations and falsehoods, is thus expended in preparing for preliminary defeats; and the only results which they are able to exhibit for the patronage which they receive is the creation of a detestable race of spies, and the pampering of bankrupts and speculators. We would advise the managers of the association to pocket what they have got, and to rest from their labours. Mr. J. B. SHARPE may thus console himself for the insult offered him by the Grand Jury yesterday, who, it may be inferred from their conduct, did not think that a speech of Mr. Sheriff WAITHMAN'S, in which he is denominated an "atrocious scoundrel, a base and infamous calumniator, a mean slanderer, a miscreant, and a skulking coward," was any libel upon his character, and may exclaim with another worthy personage in HORACE—

—"POPULUS ME SIBILAT; at mihi plaudo,
"Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemtor in arca."

That his conduct has been cowardly we think our readers will allow, when we tell them that the very speech for which he indicted a Sunday newspaper had been delivered unanswered at a meeting of the Common Hall, had appeared *verbatim* in this journal, and had not been disavowed by its ostensible author.

The King's Visit to Ireland.—Now that all the gay ceremonials the royal visit to Ireland are over, it seems that his Majesty's gratification has not been as complete as the Irish desired in all the eagerness of their enthusiasm. The fact is that all the joy upon the occasion evaporated in the streets. The crowd ran mad after the show. To see the Herald's office in motion, and the Orangemen and Riband-men going hand in hand, shouting "Long live the King," was so novel a sight, that no wonder it turned the heads of our Irish fellow-subjects, or rather "friends" let us say, for the Dublin Government press have disclaimed the use of the words "*my Irish subjects*" by the King, when speaking of his reception, and asserted that "friends" was the term used by his Majesty on that occasion. The King, however, found at last that he was "exhibited"—that he was taken to the Bank to be shown—that he was not received there in dress: neither was he at the Linen-hall, though the Dublin papers said nothing about it, on the same day when his Majesty's opinion was taken by the admiring manufacturers, in less than 10 minutes, upon above 200 pieces of Irish linen, of rare texture, after he had been hurried with breathless haste through long and deary avenues, thronged with crowds of people. Well might Lord Graves say on that occasion to the Marquis of Conyngham and his son, while they were blocked up in one of the passages by this crowd, "Make way, and let me see Ireland," as he looked with an air of assumed gravity at the concourse besetting his Majesty's heels. It is now, however, that our Irish friends suspect they have not dazzled the King with their attentions. Had they stopped to watch passing events, instead of fantastically playing with each other, Orangemen and Riband-men in such amusing gambols, they might have early seen that his Majesty had preserved his senses, and Lord Sidmouth all his wisdom. We ask what Irish society his Majesty saw in the Phoenix-park, out of the *coterie* of the royal household? and let Lord Donoughmore disclose (if he will) the secret of his negotiation with Lord Sidmouth about receiving the Catholic bishops in the royal closet, notwithstanding the expression of his Majesty's sentiments upon their political disabilities. It may, perhaps, be a dissemination of Dublin scandal (if there be such a thing there) to say that his Majesty, after he was a week in Dublin, could have well formed a circle of the Irish gentry. They arrived in Dublin, it is true, in full force, and with a week's *vaticum*, but unfortunately the King's delay by adverse winds, for nothing else impeded the festivities, exhausted the materials of the campaign before the royal arrival, and, like the story of Goldsmith and the Duke of Northumberland, who mistaking the Duke's gentlemen for his Grace, exhausted in the anti-chamber all the civilities he had pre-arranged for the closet, the Irish gentry, generally speaking, were under the disagreeable necessity of departing from Dublin, when the Court was actually opened, much more rapidly than they came. The stories that were told of some who remained, were more creditable to their loyalty (for that was the term in general use in Ireland, and it would be a pity to deprive the Irish of the benefit of it) than their prudence, in undertaking the journey to the capital. The King, it is true, was highly delighted at his public reception: the people themselves were amazingly tickled with it, and no wonder, but there was no necessity for building a palace (as they contemplate, and with their funds!) to enclose the royal guest. The King found the dining parlour at the Lodge in the Phoenix-park quite commodious enough for his Irish society, and how it can be inferred he was fond of it when he dined out, they must themselves explain. At the two public grand dinners in Dublin, his Majesty retired just as the cloth was removed; he left the Mansion-house at 10, and the College at 9 o'clock, or a few minutes after, leaving behind him all the Irish society which was so celebrated, and re-pairing, as the King regularly did, with renewed appetite to his own private travelling circle. There, if rumour be correct, conviviality was nightly kept up, and the place of Sir Edmond Nagle supplied by the *grace* Lord Sidmouth or sedate Mr. Secretary Grant, while the Admiral got a week's leave of absence to see his old friends in the South. Indeed, it is said, that the same humorous pranks were played off by the younger men of the party—for instance, Lord Mount Charles and others—against

the grave Secretary, as against the social Admiral, and that more dress coats than Sir Edmond's had the gilt state buttons whitened with *quicksilver* on the eve of a public reception. These recreations, if not full of wit, were at least funny, though certainly not more so than the mock-heroic sacrifice of mutual party contentions which the people at large pretended to make. The Irish wished to forget that the last sacrifice a nation makes is its prejudices, and that they of all others, for a variety of reasons, were the least calculated to forget theirs. The Lord Mayor (Alderman Bradley King) took the lead in suspending hostilities, which he had previously been one of the most forward to foment, and every body placed implicit credit in the transmutation. They did so, though King William's statue was dressed 3 days after his public renunciation of party emblems, when, forsooth, he (the chief magistrate!) said he could not help it, it was done without his authority; he, the presiding magistrate, of the city where the spectacle took place, and some of his own police the fellows who did it. The Lord Mayor still stands best with the Irish public as a conciliator, though for his dinner there was no invitation to Mr. O'Connell, who had (as wisely as the rest) induced those over whom he had influence (and they were a great portion of the population) to place reliance upon the show of conciliation which was offered even with its discouraging accompaniments. The Aldermen would not hand Lord Donoughmore to a suitable seat at the dinner-table, even after the King shook hands with the Peer as he passed through the room; and the latter went away huffed without his dinner. The Lord Mayor's secretary (his name is Nugent), his resident acting secretary at the Mansion-house, actually turned out of the room the only man in it who rose and objected to the toast of "The immortal memory," and afterwards said he was not aware he had done any thing not in obedience to the "Lord Mayor's orders." These things were done under the Lord Mayor's roof; and yet, if Lord Fingal were asked who is the great conciliator, he would, in the simplicity of his heart, say, Sir Bradley King, though the secretary remains untouched, and the Catholic leader uninvited, and nothing said to appease the Peer who went away without his dinner. The cry, however, was for dismissing Alderman Darley, who gave the Orange toast. Why confine the dismissal to this police alderman? Was the toast not started by Lord Blayney, who holds high military rank under his Majesty's sign manual? Why are the Irish newspapers silent upon the fact? Why select the weakest of the party as the victim? Why not proclaim the names of the corporation, ay, and of the city members, who drank the toast "with becoming enthusiasm." There were above a hundred in the room at the time. The Lord Mayor's Secretary can tell their names for he was one of them and highly applauded while he ejected, (with the aid of the police too! the only man in the room who had simplicity enough to complain of the conduct of the party. But Alderman Darley has been reprimanded, and the Irish are satisfied! Reprimanded for a public insult to his Sovereign, his Sovereign's Ministers, to the Lord Mayor and Corporation at their own table (that is, if the corporate spirit of conciliation were serious), and the whole Catholic population of Ireland! Nothing can show the forgiving spirit of the latter more than the manner of their receiving the Alderman's reprimand. Mr. O'Connell approached his Sovereign with a wreath of laurel, which (wonderful transmutation) was (as the Dublin papers said) to be replaced by a rim of emeralds—perhaps "*emerald flowers*" were meant, a new blossom culled from the *hortus siccus* of Irish rhetoric, by the poet at the college dinner. But still we say the Irish were satisfied with the Alderman's reprimand, and Lord Sidmouth and Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Grant, knew the people well enough to believe that that was sufficient notice of his "inadvertency." Lord Fife must be dismissed because he gave an honest vote in the House of Commons; but Alderman Darley, (we beg Lord Fife's pardon for this odd association of names,) for an open outrage to the whole country, one involving personally the delicacy of the King and his Ministers, has been reprimanded!

It would seem from the contrast in the two cases, that in the language of the poet,

"The King hath so wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement."

All these things have been going on daily in Dublin in the midst of the festivities, and yet the Irish wonder why JOHN BULL looked with astonishment at their credulity. He had perhaps, another reason not to be pleased with the gambols of the Irish, beyond their inconsistency and the unseasonable period of their occurrence. Next year's estimates will probably explain one part of his objection; for the Irish know as well as the English that the money for these costly pageants must be made up here. The expensive tables for the royal suite in the Castle, to say nothing of the tables in the Park-lodge, have been furnished out of the public money: it would be curious to see how much will be defrayed by the Lord-Lieutenant or the Irish Government. They had not enough to put the State apartments into proper condition, or at least no adequate arrangements were made until after Sir Benjamin Blomfield's arrival in Dublin. He altered the draperies, and at once enlarged the scale of expense. It is due, however, to the Lord Lieutenant to mention, that he did furnish what was called "the state-chair"—an arm chair, covered with crimson silk edged with gold lace, the peregrinations of which were curious. It accompanied his Majesty throughout Dublin as closely as the seal does the Lord Chancellor. In the morning it was at the Castle, at noon of the same day it was at the Bank, and in the evening under the canopy at the Mansion-house dinner. It was rather unfair that, with this manifold use of the chair, the whole expense of it should have been thrown on the Lord Lieutenant. But, as to the rest, next year's estimates will puzzle even Mr. Hume, for already the accounts of the royal journey are putting into the most perplexing form; they are distributing under the different official heads of the public departments, so as to present insurmountable obstacles to plainness and intelligibility. What a sad contrast both in time and form is furnished by the mode of expenditure adopted for the burial of the Queen, and the entertainment of the King! In a month, however, one short month, the conciliation will be forgotten, and the petty asperity of party in Ireland will be exasperated by all the mortification of disappointment. Will they then have that sympathy for their political degradation which of late they were wont to have from the sound portion of the British people?

Russia and the Porte.—A private letter from Frankfort, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 1st of Sept. after observing that the efforts of the Austrian and English ministers will probably prevent a war between Russia and the Porte, notwithstanding the departure of Baron Stroganoff, proceeds thus:—"England in particular resorts to every means to secure this object; for she perceives plainly that the first gun fired by the Russians would be the signal of the downfall of the dominion of the Crescent on the Bosphorus. The sudden change of route by the Duke of Wellington, who, as it is known, when on the point of proceeding to Vienna, turned back to Paris, is, in some political circles, said to have had a political object. It is pretended that the Cabinet of Petersburg has succeeded in obtaining the concurrence of France to a defensive alliance, having for its object to counterbalance the present interposition of England in favour of the Porte, and to diminish the advantages of the assistance which that Power might be disposed to give to the Ottomans. With this view, France is by the treaty pledged to send to the coast of Greece, a naval force to co-operate with the Greek fleet and such vessels as Russia may send thither, in supporting the movements of the land forces and preventing any diversion by sea. Wellington's presence in Paris is supposed—as no less confidence is placed in his diplomatic than his military talents—to have for its object to throw obstacles in the way of this alliance, and, if possible, to prevent the ratification of the treaty. In how far the noble Duke may succeed is uncertain; but, without pretending to be able to unveil the secrets of cabinets, we may venture to remark that an approximation between France and Russia at the present crisis is not improvable, and this opinion obtains the more weight when it is considered that the French diplomatic agents in Turkey observe quite an opposite conduct to the English."

English Magistrates.—We shall learn by and by what are to be the future qualifications of English Magistrates. The dismissal of Sir ROBERT BAKER adds one more to the series of events, quick in their succession, and uniform in their character, into which it will be the first duty, and we doubt not the most resolute purpose of Parliament to inquire, before it enters upon any branch of the ordinary business of legislation. We state this, because it ought to be well understood what is the nature of that fearful crisis into which the country appears to be falling; and from which it will rest with the people and their representatives, whether they choose to be rescued or not. It is neither our personal interest nor desire to scare the public with fictitious apprehensions; nor would it correspond with our notions of integrity to impute to any class of men worse motives than those by which we really conceived them to be actuated. When it is, therefore, given as our fixed opinions, that if the KING's Ministers remain unchecked in their present course, the whole genius and principle of this limited monarchy will ere long be superseded by those of a military government, we state the impression with heartfelt reluctance, but with a painful confidence in its truth. The interposition of soldiers in all arrangements, whether of pure ceremony or of acknowledged usefulness and necessity, is changed from the exception into the rule of our executive government. The habitual dependence on this novel and irresistible power leads to a far more frequent indulgence of mean caprices and unworthy passions, than those who entertain them would dare to exhibit if public feeling were left to its own fair exercise. Had there been no squadrons of Life Guards within reach, and had not the evil expedient of calling in the military been matured into a practice, does any one suppose that the funeral of a Queen Consort would have been seized on as a fit opportunity for setting the people of London at defiance? No; but the effect of this system must be at last to make a mere cipher of the English nation; "and their freedom,"—(it is BURKE who speaks)—"cannot long survive their importance." We now see that a conscientious Magistrate has been dismissed from office for no other reason than his placing too high a value on the lives of his MAJESTY's subjects. It is true that Sir ROBERT BAKER has by his regard for English blood been a party (though an innocent one) to the defeat of a scheme which its authors ought to blush for having projected. He has helped to make ridiculous those who would rather have been odious; this is the substance of his transgression. How can we suppose that he would have been punished, only because he evinced "forbearance and humanity,"—those very virtues for which we are assured the Life Guards are to be rewarded by a Government, at least a Tory, contribution? Let things, then, be called by their true names: he who spared and saved the people's blood is discarded; they who spilt that blood are paid—paid, say the contributors, for their "forbearance!" We wish that these amateurs of military law were content, without being at once both slaves and hypocrites.

Disgraceful Outrage.—On Thursday evening, (Sept. 13) a most disgraceful outrage took place at the entrance of the Tontine Hotel in this city. About ten o'clock a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived in two carriages, which were immediately surrounded by a great crowd, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the party could be escorted into the Hotel with safety. The mob shewed the most daring spirit, and continued to press upon, hiss and hoot the unfortunate strangers. The audacity of the mob was such, that they went up to the carriage, in which some ladies were seated, and opening the door, continued to insult them, while they endeavoured in vain to convince them of their mistake. The alarm of the ladies was so great, that, upon getting into the inn, they were with difficulty preserved from fainting. One person, in the dress of a gentleman, was among the foremost in hissing and encouraging this violent outrage. We regret that we cannot learn his name, or we should readily publish it. It seems the mob mistook the party, who, we understand, were from Edinburgh, for the Marquis of Londonderry. *Glasgow Paper.*

Lord Londonderry.—Some few years ago, when Lord Londonderry was in the streets of Belfast, a poor shoeless Pat craved his charity, but all his importunity was in vain: at length he said, in an altered tone, and rather indignantly, "Only a ten penny, your honour; by J—s it will treat all your friends in Belfast."

LITERATURE

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Letter to the Reviewers of Italy;

INCLUDING

An Answer to a Pamphlet, entitled "Observations upon the Calumnies and Misrepresentations in Lady Morgan's ITALY."

BY LADY MORGAN.

"Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task."—Pope.

"Mere rogues..... but they are friends.

One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in an hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light; the moon's too open—
The other zealous rag is the compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit,
(The emblems of his labour) will sit curl'd
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out."

— Time Vindicated, B. Jonson.

IT has been started as an objection to my work on Italy, that it had no Preface. Many reasons might be assigned for the omission:—one may venture—I had nothing to say.

"Talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,"

I had exhausted even my woman's garrulity; and was as weary of my pen, at the end of my two quarto volumes, as I had been of my carriage, at the conclusion of my two years' journey. Even still I should be unable to "furnish forth" a preface, had not the inditers of daily criticism supplied me with the necessary *de quoi*, by the blundering manner in which they have performed their task of filling up the interval, which has accidentally occurred, between the publication of my work, and the quarterly and monthly apparition of the "*All hail's hereafter*."

It is now, I believe, twelve or fourteen years since the supposed literary organ of Government gave the word to all subaltern scribes to bear down upon and attack whatever I should print: and the public will allow that the "ragamuffins" of this "ancient Pistol" (who, by the bye, like Sir John Falstaff, has

"Misused the King's press most——"), have done their "spiriting" faithfully, if not "gently." They have attacked me in every point where the woman was most susceptible, the author most sensitive. They have attacked my public profession, and private character, my person, my principles, my country, my friends, my kindred, even my dress. They have done every thing to injure, but—praise me; for, after all,

"It is their slaver kills, and not their bite."

Hitherto, I have been, for the interests perhaps of truth and of literature, something too loth "to stir at these indignities." Even now, if I come forth among my nameless assailants, "I swear by yea and nay," or any other pretty oath, 'tis more in fun than fear—less in spite than sport. The shafts they have long let fly at me, and all that is dearest to me, have been shot from masked batteries, and "dipped in double venom." The arrow with which I return their assault, will fall poisonless, though not perhaps pointless. Mine, I trust, will betray lady's archery, fair, though irregular; my aim taken in the garish eye of day—my name announced—my cognizance blazoned—my device known—and my heart worn, as it always has been,

"On my sleeve, for (even) daws to peck at."

Thus simply armed and frankly avowed, unmasked, unshielded but by truth, alone in the midst of my ambushed foes, I take my ground;

"And as I truly fight, so help me Heaven."

The accidental circumstance of being born and educated in a land stamped with the impress of six centuries of degradation—the natural tendency of a female temperament to a prompt, uncalculating sympathy—and the influence of that stirring quality called indignation (as often a constitutional as a moral affection)—gave a direction to my feelings, and a colour to my mind and writings, which from my "youth upwards" have remained unchanged and indelible.

Ireland, the country of my birth and my commiseration, became, almost in childhood, my inspiration and my theme; and with little reading, less judgment, but not one interested view, (for when was youth sordid?) I embraced the cause of the Irish Catholics, of whom, personally, I knew not one. Beginning with the adaptation of some old Irish melodies to old Irish tales, badly translated, I pursued my vocation, in riper years, through a series of national novels, which had they been written with as much talent as zeal, might have been powerfully efficacious in the cause they advocated. They had, however, a rapid circulation both abroad and at home; and they excited some interest for those to whose service they were devoted.

Hitherto, as an Irish novelist, all my politics lay in my heart: but my subsequent visits to the Continent, by extending the sphere of observation, induced the necessity for research. I saw much, read much, heard much: and was aided by one whose sound judgement, philosophical mind, and firm principles, were well calculated to correct a woman's rapid inferences, and keep down the tone of a novelist's high-colouring fancy:—I had, besides, the benefit of the most liberal and literary society in Europe.

Under circumstances thus favourable, I was tempted to abandon for a time the track of inventive composition; and produced successively my "*France*" and "*Italy*." In these works I attempted to expose the evils of despotic governments, in opposition to the blessings and benefits of a representative government:—to display the fatal effects of a powerful and intolerant superstition, as opposed to the enlightened doctrines of rational and revealed religion. I did this (at a moment when the dogmas of Toryism ran highest) at all risks and at all sacrifices. Profit, pleasure, and distinction, for myself, and for those for whose sake they would have been most valuable, might have been the recompense of a more prudent direction of my trifling talents: persecution, privation, and calumny, were the inevitable result of that line which, with more honesty than discretion, I voluntarily adopted.

Had I, in the works alluded to, written one line offensive to public morals, it would have been amenable to the laws; and the laws would have had their course. Nay more, an inquisition beyond the laws would have summoned the author before its starchamber tribunals; and never since the faggot was kindled, and the pile raised, for the unfortunate female victims of the ferocious Jeffreys was dame or damsel so roasted as the author of "*France*" and "*Italy*" would have been, if the familiars of this new holy office could have detected her in any one of those sins ascribed by the false witnesses of the ministerial press to her two last works.

The attack made on "*France*" in the Quarterly Review is too notorious to dwell upon. It produced an effect as unexpected by the author as the critic: it assisted to hurry on the sale of the work it was intended to suppress; of which four editions in England, two in France, and four in America, were rapidly exhausted. Even the chiefs of the

* This will not appear a vain boast, when the miserable stuff is considered, which fills the periodical sheets of the ministerial press; and which is purchased by pensions, places, and honours, more proportionate to the sacrifice of principle and of respectability required for its production, than to the literary talent evinced in its composition. Whoever writes for the interests of the public, must seek his recompense in the approbation of his own conscience. "Honours and emoluments" (says Lord Orford) "are in the gift of the Crown. The Nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends."

As Reviews, political and literary, in France and England, were not found sufficiently influential in suppressing my writings, whole volumes were got up by the Ultras of both countries. One, for instance, was published by Colonel Du P., now a member of the Institute of France. This gentleman introduced himself at my house in Dublin, (having no other mode of making my acquaintance,) where he was hospitably entertained, and presented to many persons of rank and fashion. A few weeks after his departure, appeared his book written against my "*France*." When Mr. Du P. read to me the complimentary passages in the opening of his MS. I little guessed the virulence which was to be displayed, upon a purely literary topic, in its subsequent pages.

Much about the same time appeared another work, which was said to be the production of the same person who translated my "*France*," so falsely that I was compelled to protest against it in the French journals; and who brought out a garbled translation of "*Florence MacCarthy*," in opposition to one done under my own eye, to which he prefixed a life, less faithful and veracious than the translation itself. At the expiration of three years, appeared Mr. Playfair's "*France*," not the France of Lady Morgan, of which I know nothing but from the extracts given of it in the papers, (being abroad at the time of its publication). In these extracts, however, there were the foulest falsification of my text: one in particular, in an anecdote respecting my friend Madame Jerome Bonaparte (Mrs. Patterson).

Criticisms and a biography of me, in a French publication, were also written, as I have reason to know, by two ladies (British) of notorious character, whom I refused to visit.—Against "*Italy*" a heavy pamphlet has appeared, accusing me of "calumnies" against Lord Bentinck. This is said to be the production of a military officer, holding distinguished appointments under the British Government.

Two women were condemned to be burnt alive, for indulging the sweetest of female virtues—compassion for the distressed: the Lady Lisle, widow of Lord Lisle, and Mrs. Gaunt.—Sir John Dalrymple, Reign of James the Second, part i. book ii.

For this and similar acts, James appointed Jeffreys Lord Chancellor of England on his return from the circuit, which, in allusion to its atrocities, the Royal Stuart was wont facetiously to call "*Jeffreys' campaign*."

Tory party affected, in public, to be ashamed of the clumsy and ungentlemanly manner in which their work was done. In private, however, they—asked the Reviewers to their tables, on the strength of such exertions. But for the Quarterly, with respect to my writings, it has "its own quietus made," and I have done with it.

"Italy" was published on the twentieth of June, and by the twenty-third, in three days, "nay, not so much," some of the journals, hostile to liberal principles, had tried, judged, and condemned it, though one of the leading faults attributed to it was, that it consisted of two huge quarto volumes. By the first of July it was abused by almost every ministerial newspaper, journal, and magazine, which happened to be on service during the short interval.

And now, "ye wrath-enkindled gentlemen," whose rage is excited, and whose loyalty is got up, at—so much per sheet, who review without reading, and are read without being reviewed, I would call you over

"Generally,
Man by man, according to the scrip,"

and I would shew you off for the entertainment of the public, as shewmen exhibit apes, not for their beauty or utility, but for the malignant ingenuity of their foul and mischievous tricks. I would "stir up with a long pole" that heavy nondescript, the Literary Gazette, floundering and floundering in the shallows of its own eternal dullness; I would "turn out" the Morning Post, the never-to-be-read, and always-to-be-laughed-at Morning Post, which *Ridicule* has "marked for her own;" and so on with the whole menagerie, but that, just now, I have not time to do equal justice to all, and give "to each his due." I must therefore hold you over, as sportsmen bag their foxes, for a future chase; selecting from your number one, who represents you all, and whose review of my work, made up of dregs extracted from the crucibles of the Quarterly and of Blackwood's laboratory, is quintessential in all the properties by which each is distinguished:—the thing allude to is the Edinburgh Magazine; or Literary Miscellany.

The Edinburgh Magazine! Land of the learned and the liberal, land of the Humes, the Robertsons, the Playfairs, and the Leslies, can you suffer the time-honoured name of your lettered capital to be prefixed to such a thing as this? But nations, like heaven, must sometimes submit to hear themselves profaned, and to have their venerated names taken in vain for the worst of purposes and in the worst of causes.

And now, "Room, room, brave gallants." Trot him out here on his "pasteboard hobby," this lord of literary misrule, this critical Chronomastix of the Edinburgh Magazine. So here he comes, backed by Messieurs Constable and Co. and the long house of Longman; who as they

* The Quarterly may now write for, or against me, as it pleases—*c'est égal*. In all that concerns my writings, it has reduced itself to the state of a compatriot of mine, of inventive notoriety; who, calling one day at dinner for bread, observed to his neighbour, "I have told that fellow I want bread twenty times." "He doesn't believe you, dear," replied his companion.

† The Literary Gazette, which was carried on with some spirit while under the direction of Mr. Colburn, (now the publisher of decidedly the best and most amusing Magazine in England,) has changed its character since it fell into the hands of the present editor, who has taken such pains to prove, not only, that on finishing the last vol. of my work, "the reader will have learnt little about the Italian cities, and nothing at all about the manners and customs of their inhabitants,"—not only that "he will have found instruction and amusement in scarcely one" of my pages,—but that Lord Byron is no original poet!!!—and that he should not be read. *En résumé*, however, he has always a stock of little Pocket Poets, of his own, on hand, which he fires off at the public with various seducing epithets:—one is "a modest genius, destined for immortality." Another is an "apostle of literature," worthy of his high vocation! A third is designated as "that gorgeous poet." *En attendant*, every body runs after, and reads, Lord Byron, (as well they may,) and nobody reads the poetical protégés of the Literary Gazette, except the editor himself. As far as I have been able to trace the individuals who have attacked me anonymously, it will be seen that I have little reason to be ashamed of their enmity. This editor of the Literary Gazette, one of my bitterest libellers, notwithstanding his recent outcries against satirical writings, was formerly editor of that notorious periodical work "The Satirist," a publication, which to name is to describe. Various other facts, with which I am acquainted, relative to the history of this ci-devant reporter of the Morning Post, and editor of the Satirist, would go a great way towards satisfying the public, both of the ground of his criticisms on my writings, and the weight that is due to them; but, for the present, I forbear. I have ascertained his literary identity, and that is sufficient. Let his works speak for themselves.

‡ "Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Orders for the work should be particularly addressed to Longman and Co. London."

§ "Chronomastix, a genuine name it would seem for the herd of libellists who infested those times." W. Gifford Esq. in his Edit. of B. Jonson,

accompany their champion to the lists, and in their own names present him his "three-corner'd heater" or "round rondash," to shield him in the affray, must e'en abide the issue.

Let the appellant's trumpet sound,
The public "shall decide the victor's chivalry."

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, JULY 1821.*

"Italy, by Lady Morgan."

"I trust," says Lady Morgan, "that in a woman's work, *sex* may plead its privilege; and that if the heart will occasionally make itself a party in the concern, its intrusions may be pardoned, as long as the facts detailed are backed, beyond the possibility of dispute, by the authority of contemporary testimonies." We have always been accustomed to consider the words "*privilege of Parliament*" as the most vague and uncertain that the English language, or the English constitution, can boast of. In this opinion we have erred. Lady Morgan has practically demonstrated, that, of all the salves ever entered, to impose on the credulity, or propitiate the favour, of mankind, that of "*privilege of sex*" is the most conveniently and mischievously general and comprehensive. Is a jolterhead of a country member laughed at by an opposition print, wherein his folly, his ignorance, his ductility, or his corruption, are animadverted on as they deserve? he rises in his place—denounces the daring offender—pleads "*privilege of Parliament*"—and ends with a motion, which is generally carried, for providing the would-be patriot with cool apartments in Newgate. Here, however, the matter rests. The session of Parliament and the duration of the patriot terminate together: and the sinner issues forth from his opprobrious den to commit new trespasses; without, perhaps, encountering fresh castigation. But does an ambulating scribbler of bad novels indite two goodly quartos, every page of which, almost, is sprinkled over with more or less of Nonsense, Ignorance, Indecency, Irreligion, Jacobinism, and Premeditated Perversion of Facts? it is immediately hoped and "trusted that *sex* may plead its privilege, and that if the heart make itself a party in the concern, its intrusions may be pardoned!" In the former instance, the offence, real or imaginary, meets with a punishment in some degree suitable and proper; whereas, in the latter, after every better principle of our nature has been outraged—after the laws and institutions of our country, and our religion, have been traduced and vilified—after the inveterate, the mortal foes of truth, religion, and social order have been held up as paragons of philosophy, patriotism, and virtue—after we have tolled through blasphemy and Jacobinism, calumny and falsehood,—we are immediately called upon to respect "*the privilege of sex*" and, on pain of being branded with inexpiable cowardice, to refrain from making a single tilt against such an enormous delinquent, merely because, forsooth, the "work" is "a woman's!" The age of chivalry, alas! is gone by; and "a woman's work," against which such grave charges are laid, must, no less than a man's,—had any man ever written such a mass of revolting jargon and abomination,—submit to the dissecting knife of criticism. To give Lady Morgan the full benefit of our strictures, however, we shall take care to be most rigidly methodical.

Thus far the accuser: his charge preferred against the accused amounting to this—"that she is an ambulatory scribbler of bad novels!—of nonsense!—ignorance!—indecency!—irreligion!—Jacobinism!—and premeditated perversion of facts!—one who has outraged every better principle of nature! traduced and vilified the laws, institutions, and religion of her country!—that she is an abettor of the mortal foes of social order!—a retailer of blasphemy!—Jacobinism!—calumny!—and falsehood!—and the author of a mass of revolting jargon and abomination!!"—And this, the accuser calleth "*giving the accused the full benefit of his strictures!!*"—And 'now to the proofs. The Reviewer gives them in the following order:

* As my work on Italy could not have reached Edinburgh in time to have been read and reviewed for the July number of the Edinburgh Magazine, I have reason to think it was manufactured in London. It smells of the Quarterly creature! and whole phrases of abuse and invective applied to me in the review of "Italy," have been already applied by William Gifford, Esq. in his furious edition of Ben Jonson, to the victims of (to use a term of his own applied to Hurd) his "insane criticism"—the Malones, Whalleys, &c. &c. For instance—"What language of reprobaton is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance, which could deliberately affirm that the homely and unadorned interlude in the *Tempest* exceeded in the splendour of its exhibition that of all the marks of Jonson!"—Notes on the Mask of the Vision of Delight.—Here is, word for word, the "language of reprobation" used to "that Irish woman" in the Edinburgh Magazine.

† Lord—that a monster should be such a natural!—*Tempest*.

‡ One would imagine, that this extract was taken from a preparatory passage in my work, in which I pleaded *sex* in abatement of all criticism upon the work generally; whereas, in fact it is an observation made by the bye, on the subject of Milan, where the hospitalities I received and the friendship I experienced, might, perhaps, have prejudiced my judgement, and hurried me into unintentional errors.

Friday, April 5, 1822.

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"1. NONSENSE.—To convince our readers that we do not dive very deep for examples under this category, we shall transcribe the very first sentence of this monstrous literary abortion. "The fables of antiquity assigned to the Peninsula of Italy a golden age; and history, sufficiently vague, but better accredited, has peopled its Eden plain with confederated tribes; and has covered regions with numerous flocks and plenteous harvests, where desolation now reigns over pestilential marshes." Here we have "fables" "assigning a golden age to a peninsula;" and "history," at once "vague" and "accredited," "peopling Eden plains with confederated tribes!"—that is, "confederated" before they "peopled the Eden plains;" though where this "confederacy" was first entered into, this petticoated ultra-radical has not deigned to inform us. In the sentences that follow in continuation, we meet with "Europe subjugated (enslaved) to slavery,"—"a race of a mould and fibre swarming and violating,"—"and an unknown product from the foundery of a new creation thinning the ranks of a refined degeneracy!"—In page 3, "conquest" is said to be "consolidated by usurpation." This is one of a thousand instances of inversion of understanding that might be selected from the volumes before us. We beg to inform Miladi, that "conquest" "consolidates usurpation," not usurpation conquest. Bonaparte was a successful usurper, only because he was a great conqueror. Where did Lady Morgan discover that "the paradise" (Italy we presume) "lured (what?) from the plains of Egypt." We dare say there are Gypsies in Italy as elsewhere; but we really never heard that Ptolemy had ever reigned in that country, although we would be understood to speak with great deference to her Ladyship, who is obviously very learned in ancient history, having discovered many facts which had totally escaped the more obtuse perceptions of her predecessors. In page 7 we are informed that "hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance," (that between Eugenius III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa), "on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul." What! was this alliance ratified by human sacrifices? We confess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a whisper in history to justify such an assertion."

And is this the ignoramus you, Messrs. Constable and Co., have employed to review books of travels,—to whom you have committed the destiny of your literary miscellany? Oh, fie! Messrs. Constable and Co.! Though your Reviewer personifies pretension,

— "His discourse peremptory,
His tongue filled, and his general behaviour
Vain, and thronical,"

yet his ignorance appears through every line, and he obviously throws himself for information on the author he reviles,—upon the "petticoated ultra-radical author,"—with an unconscious simplicity that is very amusing. What! has he read nothing on the early story of Italy? Well, then, let him look into Virgil, Macrobius, Micali, Pignotti; and in those writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the aboriginal state of Italy, he will find the authorities of all I have asserted on the "golden age, assigned by fables to Italy." Any one of the young men of the University of Edinburgh will point out the passages alluded to, and one among them perhaps will translate for him (which I cannot stop to do) the following paragraph; in itself a sufficient authority for all I have advanced on the subject:—

"I poeti chiamavano secol d'oro il tempo di quei regni che la lor fantasia seppa abbellire con le più seducenti narrazioni, mentre che la riconoscenza nazionale collocò in cielo i nomi di quei benefattori dell'umanità."—L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani.

From the same sources he may derive information on the early confederacy of the Italian States; of which Micali observes, "Tutti questi popoli riuniti con vincoli d'una comune origine, tradavano, cioè non ostente, dalla religione e dalla politica, il principal fondamento della lor concordia sotto la tutelare custodia di una nazione CONFEDERATA." vol. I. p. 149.

* Notwithstanding one word of Greek, and a few lines of Latin, which this Chronomastix has borrowed to enrich his critique upon Italy, it is very evident by his shameful blunders, that he is utterly ignorant of modern languages. The Quarterly Review, denying that there was such a phrase as "bouquet d'arbres," threw the Ultras into dismay: but here is a gentleman mistaking the common Italian placard, "qui si vende acqua viva," which travellers read over every pot-house from Suse to Naples, for a "mixture of French and Latin;" because "vende" (pronounced *ven-dey*) looks like the French "vend," and "acqua viva" reminds him of the Latin "aqua viva." And on this presumption he declares that I know nothing of languages! In like manner he observes, that the customhouse officers would say, "Ha lei qualche cosa per la dogana?" and not, as I have put it, "Niente per la dogana?" If any Scotch teacher of Italian, in a provincial boarding-school, has told the Reviewer this, he has misled him. Any Scotchman who has been in Italy and I have met many accomplished persons of that nation abroad) will set him right on this head. The gruff, smoky Doganiero, who presents himself at the carriage-window, and raises his hand, without taking the trouble of raising his eyes, frequently permits nothing more than an interrogating "niente?" to slide

"We meet (observes this Pseudo-Reviewer) with Europe subjugated (enslaved) to slavery." But according to my Irish boglatin, "subjugated," from its derivation, means literally "passed under the yoke!" It is related that the Romans did so upon an occasion.

"Patience per force with wilful choler meeting;" but they were not therefore enslaved! The Reviewer is referred to any Roman History (abridged for the use of Young Ladies).

"In page 3," adds this Captain O'Blunder of the Edinburgh,—"in page 3, Conquest is said to be consolidated by Usurpation; but I beg to inform Miladi, that Conquest consolidates Usurpation!"

Oh, my Chronomastix, you may "tell that to the Marines," but the Cæsars and the Napoleons would never have believed you! They were Conquerors first—Emperors afterwards; and they consolidated the conquests, which gave them an influence over the opinions of their fellow-citizens, by usurpations, which gave them power over their rights.

"Where? (continues non imperiturbabile!) where did Lady Morgan discover that the Paradise (Italy, we presume,) lured from the plains of Egypt?" &c. &c. &c.—Call you this reviewing?—"Call you this backing your friends?"!!! Messrs. Constable and Co.—Why, Goodman Dull, Lady Morgan found it in such works as her Reviewer evidently never heard of—in BUONARROTI—in MAFFEI—in MAZZUCHI—who all differ in some respects, though all agree that the early inhabitants of Italy had their origin in ancient emigration. "Chi la ripete dall'Egitto!" (says Pignotti)—chi dai Cani; chi da questi e dai Fenici, &c. &c. &c. &c.

"In page 7 we are informed, (continues the Reviewer of "Italy,") that "hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance between Eugenius III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul!—What, was this alliance ratified by blood? we confess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a whisper in history to justify such an assertion."

out of one corner of his mouth, while the fumes of his pipe evaporate at the other. As he usually speaks the dialect of his own state, his Italian never reaches to the elegant Tuscan "bu lei." This is to review books of travels, without knowing any thing of the countries of which they treat. All the remarks on my French are equally inaccurate,—for instance, the Reviewer says, the "Coup de plat de sabre" is wrong; that Lady Morgan should have written, "Coup de plat de sabre." The phrase, however, is to be found, precisely as I wrote it, in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, and in the *Dictionnaire critique de la langue Française*. This blunder of the Edinburgh Magazine Reviewer being mentioned to an older French officer, he observed, "Si l'on voulait dire, qu'un personnage reçu le coup d'un autre, en disant, il lui a donné un coup avec le plat du sabre, cela voulait exprimer que ce n'était pas avec le tranchant, que l'indivisible fut frappé, mais avec le plat du sabre; coup de plat de sabre, est la phrase militaire pour un espèce de châtiement militaire, trop connu de nos armées sous l'ancien régime."

But this is nothing—he has invented sentiments for me, expressive of the most shameless libertinism that ever disgraced any work, male or female; such as "Lady Morgan bails having but one wife at a time, a privation of virtue." I appeal from this false witness, to the readers of "Italy."—Another fabrication, equally gross, is the following: "With all the self-satisfied assurance of the most complete vanity, she tells us, that Hannibal, according to Livy, crossed the Alps by Mount Cenis." I refer the reader to vol. first, page 24. The passage thus misconstrued, purposely and knowingly, is as follows: "From such a site as this Hannibal halted his Carthaginians, and pointed to the recompense of all their arduous undertakings—from such a site as this, the Lombard Alboin passed," &c. &c. &c.

"The moon shines bright—in such a night as this,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan wall."
—"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand;"

say Lorenzo and Jessica—and yet, they did not mean to say, that on that particular night in which they were seated in POKRIA's garden, TROILUS "sighed his soul to Cressida,"—or DIDO

"Waved her love to come again to Carthage."

O! Livy, his name, or authority, there is not a single word;—and yet this is the way I have been always reviewed! the object being, *conts qui conts*, to stop the sale of my works, and prevent my writing at all.

* This epithet of "Miladi" is meant to be wit, but it cannot pass for originality. It has been worn threadbare in the service of Blackwood's Magazine, who received it, a little the worse for wear, from his Dublin contributor:—thence it passed to the "Morning Post" and is yet deemed worthy of adoption by the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine. But wit is like cookery,—

"Et s'ouvenez vous bien,
Qu'un dîner rechauffé ne vaut jamais rien." *Boileau*

To this I answer, not in the History of "Jack the Giant killer"—but there is, in the splendid "History of the Italian Republics," by Sismondi—and in all other histories, which treat of this notorious epoch of the middle ages. "*Mon Cousin, voilà un belle occasion pour apprendre à lire*"—as D'Argenson said to the illiterate Bignon, whom he was appointed librarian to the King!

"In page 17 we meet (observes my Bignon) with the following passage:—"*Mais on ne s'occupait que de la guerre*"

For while the classical annals of Italy, with all their vices and crimes, make a part of the established education of England, the far nobler history of the Italian Republics, *les siècles des mérites, ignorés*, remains but little known.—It is impossible to determine whether ignorance or nonsense predominates in the passage. The classical annals of Italy, of which Lady Morgan knows about as much as the man in the moon, do certainly make a part of the established education of England, and we rejoice that this is the case; but we should certainly insult the understandings of our readers, were we to attempt to vindicate the study of the classical annals of Italy, seeming as they do with great and immortal examples of patriotism and virtue, or to expose "the portentous ignorance which could describe" the study of the history of the petty, ferocious, and sanguinary Republics of Italy—of the crimes of such men as the Duc de Valentino, and Popes Alexander and Clement—as far nobler than that of Numa, of Tarquin, of Brutus, of Caesar, of Pompey, of Augustus, or of Cicero.

The petty Republics of Italy! What then, I ask, was the state of Rome in the times of the Numas and Tarquins? A cluster of wicker huts, resembling the miserable erections of the Irish Rapparees; while the marble capitals of Italy, the glorious works of the Orcagnas, the Bramantes, and the Michael Angelos, still attest the splendour of the Republics of the middle ages, their wealth, extent, and civilization. For the Valentinos, the Alexanders, and the Clements, devoted to execration as they are in the pages of "Italy" (where probably the Reviewer first learnt any thing about them), they were much of the same sort of persons as the Numas and the Tarquins—(and I should like to know, *par parenthèse*, which of the Tarquins is the Tory reviewer's favourite and model for the study of British youth)—like them, impostors and tyrants, affecting a divine right to trample on the liberties of mankind. Their system was long continued in Europe:—in England, it ended with the Stuarts; and not all the Tory magazines in Great Britain—not even "ours" of Edinburgh, will bring it back.

"The inclination be as sharp as 'twill."—But the examples of study held up by the accused in her work, are not the Valentinos and Alexanders—they are the Capponi, the Strozzi, the Rucellai—the Sydneys, Russells, and Hampdens of the Republics of Italy.

"Leonardo da Vinci" (says the Reviewer, who accuses me of nonsense) "employed upon his *Supper*! Our readers will doubtless feel curious to know how long this learned painter was occupied in eating his supper!! We blush to say we really cannot satisfy them!!!"

"Leonardo's Supper," it is well known, is the common as well as technical term given to Da Vinci's picture, and not "Leonardo's great master-piece; Christ's last Supper," as the Chronologist of the Edinburgh Magazine supposes. And does the Reviewer blush here? Let him keep his reviewing blushes for greater instances of ignorance than he has yet betrayed; for I have not yet done with him.

3. INDECENCY.—This may appear an extraordinary category under which to class the sins of a woman's work; yet truth compels us to speak out. Many of the passages in this book are of a kind to shame a rake of any sense and judgment; and whenever an opportunity occurs, we invariably find her Ladyship sporting her badinage, her lascivious descriptions, and double entendres, with a freedom, facility, and expertness, that may startle weak nerves. We shall only produce one of the least exceptionable instances of this sort of transgressions, and refer our readers to the rest. We dare not pollute our pages with the odious stuff which this ultra-radical in petticoats disports so much *con amore*.

"Wishing to visit the triumphal arch at Suse; (the first and almost the last perfect monument of antiquity to be seen in Italy till Rome is reached,) we were told that it stood in the gardens of the Governor, behind the fort. On ascending to its gates, we were received by a veteran, who, for a trifling douceur, admitted us within the walls, and presented us not to the 'warder' but to the Governor's *Housekeeper*. The keys of the fortress seemed to hang from her smart French apron, and some visitors might have found that there was more peril in her eye than fifty of their swords. There was a sneaky mock humility about her, indicating one, who, though hired to serve, remained to rule. As we returned, under her escort, from visiting the arch, we encountered the Governor, a most admirable dramatic figure, in full uniform and powdered toupée. 'Shall I present you?' said she, and, without waiting our answer, tripped up to him, continuing, 'Here are two Signori,

[does her Ladyship mean two gentlemen?] who wish extremely to see your Belvedere.' The arch look with which she said this, set us into the secret of the Governor, that his Belvedere was, for the present, his *cheval de bataille*. It was a little pavilion at the extremity of a bastion: beneath were the *Pas* [*Quatre pays*] de Suse, and vales of Piedmont; above hung the snowy Alps; and torrents fell, and streams trickled, on every side. The Governor was the very epitome of the *Vieille Cour*. He walked with his hat off, shewed us his flower-knots, and praised the English, by whose advice and whose assistance fortresses once more rose, and gallant governors and pretty *housekeepers* ruled them. Nothing could be more theatrie than the whole scene. The old sentinel, with one arm, smoking his pipe, under a broken arch; an old gardener, in a faded regimental," &c.

The *pros* given in the counts of this indictment of indecency are marked in reproaching italics—they are "Housekeeper!"—"*Hired to serve, remained to rule!*"—"Arch look!!!"—"Cheval de bataille!!!"—"Pas de Suse!!!"—"Vieille cour!!!" and "Gallant!!!"

Alas! for such phrases as these am I to incur the odium of indecency?—the worst a woman can sustain, the last she would choose to bear.—Indecency! These are curious times!—Princes might recall, if they would, the days and manners of the Charleses and the Louises!—they might take a mistress from the stage, or choose her from the Red Bench, and exhibit the offspring of their illicit loves in public and in private society, and yet I doubt if one of those moral censors, those pure supporters of the "social order" who fall foul of my "indecent anecdotes," and write down "Housekeeper," in italics, would even, by inference, or innuendo, attack these privileged violators of decency and decorum!

"My simple truth must be abused
By sliken, sly, insinuating Jacks,"

for the purpose of intimidating the ignorant and the shallow from reading a work, where the nefarious system, by which alone such treasures can thrive and flourish, is courageously attacked, and frankly exposed.

The next charge brought forward by the Reviewer is—

INSTITUTION!!!—"In page 3, vol. 1," he says, "the CHRISTIAN Church is described as founded in sacrifice, &c. &c.—This is pretty distinct as to her Ladyship's creed; and though compelled to do so in justification, we cannot but solicit the indulgence of all serious and religious persons, who may take the trouble to wade through this article, for contaminating our pages with the following,—the last extract which we shall produce under this head,—referring merely to the pages where further examples may be found in abundance, by all those who desire more. 'Meantime, some *devores*, who paid dearly for the privilege, tottered under the burden of an immense black Christ, larger than life; while another pious athlete bore a white Christ of equal dimensions!' Vol. I. p. 249. At his leisure, the reader who desires further specimens, may consult the following pages of Vol. I. 23, 30, 188, 200, and 249; and of Vol. II. 86, 149, 179, 211,

No her Ladyship means to give the Italian idiom as an Italian spoke it; "Signori" is the term always addressed to a company of both sexes.—The "Addio, Signori," the Italian salute, on entering a room where both sexes are present, (tantamount to Good-day, ladies—gentlemen) was, I remember, always translated into French by one of our Florentine visitors, (ambitions of speaking that language) by "*bon jour, Messieurs*."—Such ignorance as this critique indicate would disgrace the editorship of a two-penny ballad. Have the "Signori" Constable and Co. no Italian corrector of the press, to correct also their Reviewer?

† "*Quatre pays*."—This "*quatre pays*" is worth millions!!!—*Est-il possible*, (as the stupid Prince of Denmark used to say to his father-in-law, James the Second, upon all extraordinary events,) *Est-il possible*, that a Reviewer, hired by such publishers as Messrs. Constable and Co.—whose "communications" probably were "*particularly addressed to Longman and Company, London*," should make a *quere* on the "*Pas de Suse*!!!"—Should he start a doubt on the *Pas de Calais*, he is lost! Even Messrs. Constable and Longman will find him out on that point—that will be a *faux-pas* indeed!

‡ This art was first resorted to by the Quarterly, and it then invented that odious calumny by a distortion of facts, which Mr. Playfair has copied, and which has been kindly refuted by some generous person whom I do not know, in the Gazette Historical, Political, and Literary, of July 9, 1820. I give the passage:—"The first count in the indictment runs thus:—'The indecent story about not finding a *Maid* in Dieppe to represent the Virgin, is not fit for a book that gets into the hands of young people, who have either religion or virtue.' Does he know that Lady Morgan says no such thing—that she never asserted that a maid or a virgin could not be found in Dieppe, but the *image of the Virgin* to carry in the procession? The Revolution had spread such desolation, that when processions were revived by Louis XVIII. the priests could not find in the chapel an *effigy* to represent the person whose festival they commemorated. Before Mr. Playfair again quotes a passage for the purpose of criticising it, we would recommend to him rather to consult the original work, than any false and prejudiced misrepresentation of it."

* See note Edinburgh Magazine.

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274, and 412. This last is quite horrible, and, except this woman, there is not, we are convinced, another English writer that would have penned so atrocious an outrage on all religion and decency. Our very blood almost curdled to read it. But we must advance with our ungrateful examination."

The anecdote given in this insulated and distorted way, is part of a description of a religious procession, annually performed at Genoa, revived and protected by the King of Sardinia. The terms "*Cristo nero*—*Cristo bianco*," are taken from the royal and sacred program of the festival. The King of Sardinia stands accountable, and not the author, for this article, with which the immaculate of the Edinburgh has contaminated his pure pages. It may be added, that in page 3, vol. 1. there is no such term as the "CHRISTIAN Church," it is "a weak invention of the enemy's:"—for the pages alluded to by numbers, they are the best refutations of the whole charge, and to them the public is referred.*

"6. PREMEDITATED PERVERSION OF FACTS.—This is a grave and serious crimination, and the proof shall be as complete as the vice here indicated is odious and revolting. Our first example shall be from p. 12 of Vol. I. 'Francis (I.) when a prisoner in Spain, and weary of confinement, pledged his honour to the Emperor that he would return if permitted to visit his dominions. When he reached the frontiers of France, he burst into a fit of laughter at Charles's credulity; and arriving at Paris built a little pavilion, and calling it Madrid, took possession of it, with *Me voici à Madrid*.' Now this story is as false as it is ridiculous, and what is more, Lady Morgan cannot but know that it is false. Will any human being that is in the smallest degree acquainted with history, believe in the 'credulity' of the Emperor Charles V., or that he would have been the dupe of such an artifice as that recorded above?"

For the violation of the pledged oath of Francis the First, and the Pope's absolving him from it, Robertson, Muller, and Sismondi, may be adduced as evidences; and the main fact being established, the episode of the Pavilion, even if apocryphal and given on insufficient authority, would have been no grave offence: but the anecdote of the *Pavillon de Madrid* is as notorious as the existence of the *Pavillon Marsan*, and it is possible the Reviewer may know as much of one as the other.

"Of the same freedom," he continues, "with historical facts we have another example in page 26, Vol. I.

"The French army, under Louis XIV. became the slavish agent of the most egotistical ambition; and the excesses permitted to his troops diminished their popularity, and corrupted their discipline. The disasters which closed and disgraced his reign left the people discontented, and the troops degraded. The military system continued to degenerate under Louis XV. The foreign foe was the least formidable enemy the army found to encounter. The battle of Fontenoy was nearly lost, because forty thousand men were left beyond the reach of cannon-shot to guard the person of the king, and his ambulating harem. The councils of war, held in the king's cabinet, were presided by his mistresses, and governed by courtiers, whose interest it was to counteract the unhappy commander, who could do nothing without the court."

"We had lately occasion to consult, with reference to an historical inquiry, nearly every thing that had been written on the subject of 1744 and 1745, many of which were in the hands of the mortal enemies of the French monarch, we never found the least hint of such an absurd and monstrous piece of conduct as the king hazarding the loss of the battle, by retaining 40,000 men to guard himself and his *Ambulating Harem*. We disbelieve the story in toto as inconsistent, both with authentic history, and with itself; and we aver that an author of any veracity would never have produced it unless accompanied and fortified by the most undoubted authority."

To this the author replies, that military campaigns and periodical publications of the day are not the works where anecdotes of courts and cabinets, and the tender indiscretions of Kings, are to be found. And she refers for her authorities to the numerous *Mémoires* of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The "Story," and much more curious matter than she has dared to bring forward, will be found in the "*Mémoires Historiques et Anecdotes de la Cour de France du tems de Mad. Pompadour*," and in a work of much higher character, by Mons. Du Clos, Historiographer of France, and Member of the Académie

* In reply to these charges of immorality, &c., one for all, I appeal from the Reviewers to the works themselves. Let me be judged by what I have written; and not by the commentaries of my enemies, or the dislocated and insulated passages they choose to put forward for their own purposes. It is somewhat singular that of these zealous advocates for public decency, there are few (whose names and histories are known) whose lives will justify their hypocritical pretensions, and who have not at some period of their literary existence, been guilty of the very sins they so eagerly attempt to fix on the opponents of their newly adopted politics.

Française—his well-known* "*Mémoires secrets sur les Règnes de Louis quatorze et Louis quinze*."—As to the "story" of the "*Ambulating Harem*," which is "disbelieved entirely," faith must be involuntary; but of the fact there are but too many evidences,—some of them are melancholy enough. The beautiful though unfortunate Duchess de Chateauroux was the sultana of this *ambulating Harem*. She had taken Agnes Sorel as her model, and urged the King to join the army, whither she accompanied him with most of the ladies of the court: the queen only, and her few faithful friends, being denied this distinction. At Metz the King was seized with a distemper supposed to be mortal; the Bishops (one of them a Fitzjames), and the Jesuits who surrounded the couch of the royal invalid, insisted on the removal of the Duchess; and the King permitted a *lettre de cachet* to be issued against the unfortunate woman he had seduced from innocent obscurity. The King recovered, dismissed his bishops, and took back his mistress! who shortly after died by poison—the fate of her younger sister and predecessor in guilt, and in the affections of Louis the Fifteenth.† Should the Reviewer in the *loyal Edinburgh Magazine* startle at such royal anecdotes as these, and cry—

"A flourish! trumpets, strike alarm, drums,
Let not the heavens hear this tell-tale woman
Rail on the Lord's anointed!"

I must refer him to the pleasantest of all works, written by the best of all Tories, the Stuart-loving Evelyn—there are stories of royal harems, stationary and ambulatory to make his hair stand on end! For what is a French King carrying his mistress to the wars, to a King of England taking his with him to Church? Evelyn, a better authority than "*periodical publications of the day*," describes Charles the Second receiving the sacrament with his natural sons, in the presence of their various mothers, whom he (Evelyn) so often and so quaintly calls "*these cattle*."

And here I might rest the merits of my cause, nor wear out the patience of the umpire I have chosen, by going farther into that tissue of dull malignity, and slandering ignorance, which makes the "benefit of the strictures" on "Italy" in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and which is, in fact, a "brief abstract" of all other attacks on my work. And if I do once more "*draw my arrow to my head*," it is not in my own defence! It is in the cause of one, on whom I have most unintentionally drawn down the most unmanly, most libellous, and most unfounded attack, that ever was levelled at a female character, in the pages of a periodical publication. This is not the place to pause and mark the origin and describe the object, and the end, of all literary criticism; to refer to the times of Longinus and of Horace—of Vida and Boileau—of Roscommon and Buckingham—or even to the epoch when periodical Reviews succeeded to individual criticism, and were first founded in England by such men as Smollett, Franklin, and Priestley. These are all great names. They belonged to men of eminent genius, devoted to the true interests of literature and public taste! men who, having in their own immortal works proved their capacity for the high calling they pursued, were—

"Supreme in judgment as in wit,"

and—

"Might boldly censure, as they boldly writ.

Their strictures, however, were confined to works, not directed to persons! They reviewed books, not authors! and applied their critical acumen, to literary errors, and not to human infirmities. §

* Of this very curious work, Baron Grimm observes, "On ne saurait douter de l'autorité de cet ouvrage; il tient un milieu fort intéressant entre le genre des *mémoires* particulières, et celui d'une histoire générale."

† The eldest sister, Madame de Mailly, had preceded the two others, and, horrible to say, shared the guilty honours lavished on the youngest, Madame de Vintemille, who was said to have been poisoned by Cardinal Fleury; a probable calumny, though he was her declared enemy. Madame de Mailly died in penitence, and in despair, ordering her remains to be buried near a common drain, as unworthy a more honourable sepulchre. Such was the atrocious profligacy of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, even before the reigns of the Pompadours and the Du Barry's.—and such the fate of the Sultanas of that *ambulating Harem*, of whom the Reviewer could find nothing in the account he read of the battle of Fontenoy, or in the periodical publications, of the years 1744-45.—But it has been long held out to such flimsy critics, as a warning, that "*a little reading* is a dangerous thing:—sooner, or later, pretension is inevitably found out.

‡ Among "*the miserable trash* indited by this woman, this ignorant and foolish woman," are placed, as words unknown, "*caducity*," "*adhesion*," "*domesticity*," "*Romanticism*," (the designation of a literary sect in Italy, of which a history is given in the work reviled)—"*ultramontane*," and many other words the reviewer supposes I coined:—"*ductile dulness*," a phrase of Pope's, he calls nonsense, and so on with the rest: this, however, is the way I have been always reviewed.

§ When the unfortunate Mary Robinson read the attack of Mr. Gifford, who, in reviewing her works, exposed her infirmities, she is said to have exclaimed, "*Earth hide me!*"—her prayer was heard!

The first number of the Quarterly Review founded a new era in the history of literary criticism; and young and insignificant as I then was I* was chosen as the subject of an experiment which was to prove the possibility of hunting down principles and books obnoxious to the spirit in which that publication was got up, by bringing in calumny, invective, and misrepresentation, to the aid of critical strictures and literary observation. The plan was followed up from time to time, in various publications, and with various success, according to the nerves and spirit of the chosen victim to which it was applied. It sent the sensitive, the ingenious Keates, to an early grave! It first struck at the reputation, and then at the life, of the unfortunate Scott. The cowardly and the cold-blooded, who, secure in anonymous ambuscade, and indemnified, as it is too reasonably supposed, by their high employers, for any pecuniary damages they might incur by their libellous attacks on private character of such men, each, and all, it may be said that their dark bile, their constitutional cruelty, their malady, or their malice, must have found vent somewhere, and that "*S'ils n'avaient pas écrit, ils auraient été assassins.*" They have, however, taken up the safer, if not the better trade. But still, not even in that "*Boss of Billingsgate*" the Quarterly, to whose Editor, woman seems a creature of natural antipathy!—not even in the blood-stained pages of Blackwood's publication, have such epithets been applied to a female, of any description—(even of the worst) as the Editors and Proprietors of the Edinburgh Magazine have permitted one of their writers to give to a woman who is not an author—with whom a literary criticism could have had nothing to do—and who is a gentlewoman—a Princess—and, according to the Jacobite principles of Toryism, is the legitimate Queen Dowager of England,—I mean Louisa Princess of Stolberg, Countess D'Albany, widow of the late James Edward Stuart, the last of the Pretenders.—The paragraph here alluded to in the Edinburgh Magazine is as follows:

"Lady Morgan would persuade us that the Countess of D'Albany was the wife, and not the *harlot* of Victor Alfieri, merely because this poetical mad-cap thought fit, in one of his wild humours, to honour her with the epithets of *La Donna mia*, (*La mia Donna*). The reason of this assertion of falsehood, which every one knew to be such, was, that *THIS ADULTERESS* on one occasion deigned to converse with *Miladi* from her box at the Opera, and to talk of Alfieri, an honour which she could not do less than repay, by a paltry and mendacious attempt to whitewash a strumpet who had dishonoured the last branch of the royal House of Stuart. It is universally known in Italy, as Dr. Moore has long ago informed us, that Alfieri's connexion with the Countess of Albany was just of that simple and convenient sort which generally obtains in the land of Cecisbeos (*Cecisbei*) and Cavalieri Serventi. We may, therefore, dismiss this *Fornarina*, as Lady Morgan, but for the words of condescension at the Opera, would have called her, with the slender ceremony which our country accords to ladies of her caste.† Lady Morgan farther tells us, for she is determined to make a case, that the husband was 'brutal.' Certainly a husband that refuses to pander to the libidinous propensities of his faithful wife, deserves to be pilloried as 'brutal.' When a husband has once been injured he is sure to be abused by all women of loose morals!‡

Upon the language of this paragraph I shall say not one word; but I owe it to the Countess D'Albany to state, that when I was in Italy (and I call upon Lord Burghersh, the British Minister at the Court of Florence, to bear witness to the truth of what I state,) that lady was held by the British and Tuscan governments in the highest consideration; receiving marked attention from the British ambassador and his lady; and from the Grand Duke and Archduchess, his daughter;—visited in form by all the royal and all the distinguished personages who came to Florence; and presiding over a circle the most illustrious by rank, by talent, and by virtue, to be found in any house in Europe.§

* The Quarterly, alluding lately to that attack, supposes I might then have been young; and the *Quotidienne* of August 4, 1821, (the "*New Times*" of France) improving on this hint, observes, "*Lady Morgan, long tems connue dans le siècle dernier, sous le nom de Miss Owenson,*" &c. &c. "long known in the last century by the name," &c. &c.

† See the account of the damages paid by the Editors of Blackwood's Magazine, in the Scotsman.

‡ Raphael's *Fornarina* was so called from her being the daughter of a *feraro*, or baker. Nothing can justify the gross perversion of applying this epithet to a daughter of the house of Stolberg.

§ Among the distinguished persons whom I remember to have seen in the saloons of Madame D'Albany, in my last visits to her, were their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark (the Princess is heir to the throne, and daughter of Matilda of England, sister to his late Majesty), their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Wirtemberg, his Highness the Prince of Mecklenburg, the Duke and Duchess of Alva-Berwick (nephew and niece to the Countess D'Albany). To these and other illustrious foreigners were added the whole of the British aristocracy then resident at Florence (a most numerous and brilliant circle), who were most generally presented to the Countess by the

And now, my "lord of literary misrule!" my CHRONASTIC! my anonymous assailant of the Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany; I dismiss you! You may back your hobby, and retire from the lists; grateful for the distinction which has been accorded you in being thus pre-eminently held up to public derision, as best representing the corps to which you belong.

"Away, wretched Impostor!
Self-loving Braggart!
..... Score of all the Muses!
Get vexed with thy ignorant admirers;
Let worthy names alone."

For you, Messrs. Constable and Co., whose names appear prefixed to a work, to which the TOSNOS and the DODSLEYS would scarcely have lent theirs, I call upon you for your thanks. It is not improbable, that your *Literary Miscellany*, but for me, might have been confined to the admiration of the tea-table *coteries* of obscure villages, or the subscription reading-rooms of provincial towns; or those still lesser but pretending circles of "*benign ceruleans*," who put up with "*the cheap and dirty*" of second-rate monthly critical Reviews! But now I prefix the prize-article of your Magazine to the front of volumes destined to circulate through Europe, through America, and to reach all British colonies wherever British enterprise has placed them. My French publisher shall affix your "*Review on Italy*," done into the dialect of *les Halles*, to the second Edition of his translation; and, thus preserved, your Magazine may be quoted by future and foreign literati, as a curious specimen of the low state to which criticism and periodical publication were brought in Great Britain by PARTY SPIRIT, in the beginning of the 19th Century; and, still more, it may serve as a proof of the contempt in which such works were held by contemporary writers—even by one whom they most reviled, and that one—a Woman!

In dismissing the Edinburgh Magazine, a word may be said concerning the British Critic, which, in its review of "*Italy*," gleaned much of its raw material from the pages I have just examined.—The British Critic is edited by a clergyman, its contributors are clergymen, and its readers are said to be exclusively clergymen! From such "*spirits pure*," much might have been expected, and whatever, in their opinions, were my "*manifold sins*," still I might have hoped more from their Christian mildness, than from the uncharitable severity of my laical judges.—To their pages belonged a tone of evangelical reproof! a pious

British Minister. The Countess D'Albany never goes out of her own house in the evenings. Even her visits to the Archduchess are paid in the morning. She told me she had not been at the opera for twenty years. So much for the anecdote of my gratitude for the notice "she honoured me with from her opera-box." I blush to enter into such particulars, where a person of Madame D'Albany's rank and years is concerned. With respect to the first ranks of European society it is unnecessary—for to that class she is universally known; but I owe it to her, and to myself, that no class should remain ignorant of the foulness of the attack made on her merely to wound me.

* Great efforts are made in a Sunday ministerial print, "*The Guardian*," to keep the Edinburgh Magazine afloat. Both are supported by my old "*sworn foes*" of the Quarterly. Extracts from the article on "*Italy*," were copied from the Edinburgh into the "*Guardian*," for the special edification of its Sunday readers; for, zealous in the work of personal defamation and party rancour, "*Sunday shines no sabbath-day*" to these *soi-disant* supporters of religion and social order.... In a late number of the "*GUARDIAN*" it is observed, in its eulogium on the Edinburgh Magazine, "*There is a great deal of sound sense, and judicious criticism, in this periodical work*!" Of "*the sound sense*," the extracts here given of the "*Review of Italy*" (nearly the whole of the article) may suffice; and of the "*judiciousness of the criticism*," it may be observed, that nothing like an analysis of the work criticised is attempted! nothing said on its scope, nature, or object, or of the style or character of its details,—no fair specimens are brought forward, for or against it; and the whole "*judicious criticism*" of the "*Guardian's*" protégée, amounts to a furious tirade against a chosen victim, made up of gross falsehoods, coarse invectives, and the calling of names which better belong to the peculiar warfare of St. Giles's than to the pages of a literary Review. What, however, is most curious in all this, is, the close affiliation of these *black bands*—these periodical marauders upon fame, character, and reputation.—It is some of the leading "*chefs de brigands*" of the Quarterly, who have enrolled a division of their corps.

"The cankers of a calm world."

under the banner of the "*Guardian*" who supply the Edinburgh Magazine! contribute to the Courier! and direct the operations of the whole of the ministerial press! and if they sometimes

"Lead their ragamuffins where they are pepper'd,"
their defeat in one instance, originates a new plan of attack in another.
—They "*change but the name*" and then—

"The creature's at its dirty work again."

Friday, April 5, 1822.

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effort to lead the sinner to repentance! a fair summary of errors, and a gentle exhortation to recant them! I might have expected this the more, because all the heterodoxy of my work is confined to a preference of Christianity to human substitutions and depravations—the New Testament “without comment,” to the *British Critic*—and the Apostles and Fathers of the primitive church, to the Cardinals and *Canterburys* of more casting times.

The review of Italy, however, in the *British Critic*, is not Evangelical—the Reverend Reviewer declares himself, it is not even to be, what all reviews ought to be, “analytic”—he means it, he says, “to be rather synthetic;” and the following passage, copied verbatim from page 113, August 1821) affords a specimen of his notion of that term:

“It is a sight,” (says the Reverend Reviewer) “right pleasant to behold, when man and wife differ very much from cat and dog, when the opposite elements of male and female disposition are so equally intermingled that the *matrimonial animal*, which is the produce of the two, seems to possess more of individuality than of composition.”

This paragraph is curious, as coming from a Protestant divine: that it should be a “sight right pleasant, that man and wife should differ from (those proverbial opponents) cat and dog,” may be an opinion of the Reverend gentleman’s, drawn from a fatal experience of its rarity; though I seek not to penetrate the “secrets of the” *parsonage* “house.” But the figurative term of a “*matrimonial animal*,” though haply “right pleasant,” seems rather a light and laical expression as applied to that “honourable estate, which signifies unto us the mystical union between Christ and his church.”

This “synthetical” debut, however, of the Reverend reviewer, is only intended as an attack—not on my book—but on my attachment to my husband, on the coincidence of our opinions, and the unity of our sentiments, which his Reverence, in a tone of what he thinks “right pleasant” irony, terms an happy “androgynous organization”—“a beautiful accord of intellectual hermaphroditism!” For “man and wife” not to live “like cat and dog” may be a palpable innovation (in the Reverend’s opinion), a symptom of radical reform, and a vile attack upon the social system,—it may be a state which he and (to use his own phrase) his “conjugal yoke-fellow” may never have endured;—but surely, whatever may have been his own private sentiments on the subject, it is hardly accordant with the sanctimonious gravity of that “church and state” breviary, the *British Critic*, to make married happiness and unity the subject of a sustained and “right pleasant” ridicule, through two whole pages and a half.

Included in this “Synthetical” attack upon the poor “matrimonial animal” there are two others of equal importance and severity: the one “touching” my husband’s name; the objection made to it being that it may confound him (with those unlearned in the Red-book) with a “worthy Baronet,” who “genuinely writes himself Sir Charles” (says the Reverend Reviewer); “we need not inquire how far the worthy Baronet is pleased. What will Mrs. Grundy say to this?”

The other crime alleged against me is, my husband’s profession;—for ‘tis vain to conceal it—he is a Cambridge graduate physician! a circumstance which affords the “*urgent dulness*” of my Reverend Reviewer a peg to hang a joke upon, by an application of the worn-out line,

“A knight, hight of the burning pestle.”

These personal attacks, which “follow close,” and are too dull and tedious to re-copy, the Reviewer in the “*British Critic*” calls “*keeping clear of the analytic*.” He then proceeds to inform his readers that he also means, in his review on “Italy,” to “reject all superfluous ornament all the arabesque of anecdote, piquant bon mot, private memoirs, &c. &c. &c.” But even those “potent, grave, and reverend signors,” his habitual readers, might perhaps have been just as well pleased to have found “the arabesque of anecdote,” the “*piquant bon mot*,” quoted in his pages, as that violent tirade against that “monster,” that “*matrimonial animal*,” conjugal unity in sentiment and opinion, which, whatever may be the private feelings of their Reverencies of the *BRITISH CRITIC*, may not induce them to crier *au scandale* and to feel the “Church in danger” from such mistaken advocates as this. The Reviewer then proceeds to shew, by misquoting and misrepresenting every line he touches on, that we (the *matrimonial animal*) “lived without paying for our victuals;” that “an introduction to the Casino Nobile of Milan, is like going to drink tea at Cumberland Gardens;” that “the apothecaries of the north of Italy have their attainments mixed up with philosophy and general information,” &c. &c. &c. These grave and deliberate falsifications of an author’s text, may be part of the “Church polity;” if this be the case the interests of “social order” are at stake, and the author sacrificed, like the victim of former times, may writhe, but cannot resist, under the knife of the high priest, who performs the rites of immolation. The Reviewer having hinted that I kept bad society as well as good, that I was ill received by the great, and I was well received by the *lowly* because, says the Reverend and delicate Reviewer, “the vomit of a Nobile is the feast

of a Cittadino,” sums up my character as an author, and the nature of my work, thus synthetically reviewed, by the following quotation—

“Therewith she spew’d out of HER VILTHY MAW,
A flood of poison, horrible and black;
Her vomit full of books and papers was.”

Having thus for the present settled a part of my account with the professional reviewers, it remains only to make a very few remarks on the pamphlet already alluded to, published under the title of “*Observations upon the Calumnies and Misrepresentations in Lady Morgan’s ‘Italy,’ respecting the British transactions in that country in 1814-16*,” a work attributed to a Military Officer. I am, however, but little disposed to trespass on the reader’s patience, by a detailed examination of this work; because, like Mrs. Malaprop, my critic is so polite an arguer that almost every word he says makes for his opponent; and because the whole question is before the public. If this gentleman is not a professional reviewer, he seems sufficiently practised in the craft; and has condescended (as far as any thing bearing the appearance of gentleman can do so) to adopt its jargon and *persiflage*, seeming equally to regard a difference of political opinion, as a sufficient cause for placing his opponent beyond the pale of human courtesies. The very title-page of his book, as applied to a subject upon which two honest opinions might be held, and appended to a work which contradicts no material fact that could have come within the cognizance of the author he attacks, if not in itself a “calumny” and a “misrepresentation,” is at least a “discourtesy,” which comes with a more especial ill grace from one whose very first charge against me is a want of courtesy to Lord Bentinck. For the private and personal character of that Nobleman I have the highest respect; and I should be most sincerely grieved, if, in the heat of discussion, I had “travelled out of the record” to pen a single word that could hurt his feelings. But when an individual enters upon a public office, he renders himself amenable to the tribunal of public opinion; and I do not think I have written one syllable concerning Lord Bentinck’s public conduct in this instance, that has not been asserted, both in and out of Parliament, by persons, like myself, having a personal or epistolary intercourse with the inhabitants of Italy.

With respect, however, to the main point at issue between my anonymous opponent and myself, his own work is my best defence. It is no refutation of “calumnies”—it is no contradiction of facts; but a mere special pleading upon the case; and surely it is little creditable to a ministry, that its public policy should require to be defended upon verbal subtleties and equivocating distinctions. The whole dispute, stripped of this casuistry, resolves itself into these points: Did the English Government promise independence to the Italians? and, if it did, did it keep its promise?

Now the truth of my assertions, as to the first particular, is not impugned; and the consequences I have thence drawn, are opposed only by a demurrer, that I (and the Italians with me) have mistaken the meaning of the term. The following are the critic’s own words:—“Now admitting as we freely do, that in these proclamations the Italian nation were told that the independence of their native country would be the result of their exertions. . . . it will remain to be ascertained what this independence meant; and what former epoch in Italian history was alluded to?” (p. 5 & 6.) The term, however, is susceptible of but two significations; that usually given to the word (an exemption from foreign control and interference), or the state of the sovereignties before the Revolution. But whatever meaning diplomacy may affect to assign to its own words, in order to conceal a wanton deception, it will hardly have the insolence to define “independence” the subjugation of Genoa to Piedmont. In fact, however, the words used in Lord Bentinck’s proclamations were, *faciamo sicche l’Italia cio divenga che ella gia fu nei suoi TEMPI MIGLIORI*. “Let us take Italy what it was in its best days;” which, with respect to Genoa, could mean nothing else but the restoration of its Republic in its ancient purity. Upon this demurrer, however, a second is founded, namely, the impossibility of fulfilling the promise thus interpreted—“If these mystical words, independence and former happiness, had no such meaning, and that Great Britain and the Italians between them were to expel the French from Italy, and then leave that country without any government at all, . . . or to take the Herculean task of forming the whole discordant mass into one monarchy, &c. we must unwillingly admit, that the government of Great Britain when they authorized, and her organs when they issued, such proclamations, were nothing less than madmen, or idiots, or regues.” (p. 7.) Giving my opponent the full benefit of this alternative, (which I, at least, never disputed) I can only leave the public to make its own commentary on the text of the proclamations.

But, as if the critic were dissatisfied with his own quibble, he proceeds (p. 8.) to argue that the Italians, not having co-operated with their English and Austrian invaders, were not entitled to the benefits of the promised independence. What degree of co-operation might be expected from a nation garrisoned by the French armies, I know not; but the effect of the proclamations was certainly to paralyze any exertions which the Italians might have made against an enemy such as Austria,

(the object of six hundred years aversion) when coming as an open conqueror. But if there is any individual so besotted as to believe that the most determined abandonment of Napoleon's system on the part of the Italians, would have induced the Austrians, "in any possible case, to lend themselves to measures" involving their legitimate claims on Italy, —or would have caused the British cabinet to interfere for the protection of Italy from Austrian aggression, I am willing that, with that individual, my critic's argument should have its full weight. In this, as in all other instances, the defence of the allied cabinets is placed by this gentleman upon a casuistical sophistry, of which few persons, accustomed to reason or to feel, can long remain the dupes. In the case of Genoa, the best authorities I had the opportunity of consulting on the spot, agreed that an active resistance of the inhabitants to the English invasion, must have prevented that city from falling into our hands. As to the assertion, that complaints came exclusively from the partisans of Napoleon, it is a miserable sophism, calculated to captivate the English ear, and beneath reply.

In p. 11, it is asserted, that, "in no case could the British cabinet be persuaded to lend themselves to measures involving in them a contradiction of the principles of legitimacy." Why, then, does not the House of Brunswick surrender the throne? or if this be too much, why did our cabinet deprive Genoa of its legitimate sovereignty, and give it to an usurper? But, above all, why did it issue the proclamations which form the ground of this discussion? This metaphysical abstraction of "legitimacy," full of sound, but signifying nothing, is never used but to cover fraud or violence, and to rebut the great principle of a nation's right to govern itself.

In p. 12, it is said, that "the Emperor of Austria's being a tyrant is false." It is not false. He who governs despotically, his word alone being law; who imprisons whom he pleases, and takes what taxes he pleases, is a tyrant; and the universal hatred of this Emperor's Italian subjects confirms the appellation. What is added, "though perhaps if his subjects were more loyally disposed, his rule might become less severe," is a cold, unfeeling sarcasm, that would hardly be expected from a Turk. If the mass of the British people concur in thinking that Lombardy owes loyalty to Austria, it would be well, at once, by an act of parliament, to put an end to the British constitution, in order to prevent the high-minded and independent few from consuming time, means, health, and life, in a vain attempt to avert inevitable despotism.

In p. 15, it is asserted, that I falsely state the flag of independence to have been displayed on the Bocchetto; a mountain, I believe, unfortified, where consequently no flag could be displayed. My critic must have known (if capable of understanding English) that the expression was equivalent to the common figure, "the flag of England floats upon the Thames; the French ensign flies upon the Seine." The fact is in itself indifferent, and I cannot but think it was seized upon for the sole purpose of misleading the public.

With respect to the manner in which the cession of Genoa took place, I have described it upon the concurrent testimony of many Genoese; namely, that the Sardinian flag was hoisted one morning unexpectedly to the inhabitants, and to their utter consternation. As for what the critic adds, that "I express my astonishment (perhaps my regret) that the garrison was not massacred," the following are my words, "and yet the Genoese did not rise en masse to massacre the English, the violators of a trust so sacred! To the glory of the Genoese be it recorded, that even in the bitterest moments of disappointment and suffering they did not accuse the British military." I appeal, from this "officer," to the slowest intellect and most vulgar mind in Europe, if he has not foully slandered me in this particular. As to "the English taking all they could get," the context equally shews that this refers only to the hospitality they experienced; and cannot be construed, with any decency, into a charge of dishonesty against our military—a crime foreign to their character and habits.

So much then for the "calumnies and misrepresentations" of which I stand charged by this anonymous pamphleteer. That I do not agree with him in his slavish, sycophantic, and let me add, un-English conclusions, is my misfortune: I can neither get place nor promotion by my sentiments. I hope the same is not the case with him,—the labourer is worthy of his hire.

For this obtrusion upon public notice, I beg to solicit indulgence, and to offer my excuses.

Literary disputes, between authors and their critics, were formerly subjects of mere literary interest, to literary circles exclusively. To the world in general they were topics of indifference, or matter for ridicule. The warfare of such.

"Phantastical phantasms:

Such unsociable and point-device companions,
Such rackers of orthography,"

as worried Pope and annoyed Sterne, was still made within the pale of literature. But in the present day, criticism, under the cover of a

periodical review of books, has become the means of attacking principles, and a very efficient source of political and ministerial influence. In a country where books and their authors can no longer be burned, and where the liberty of the press is still upheld by the illumination of the people, an effort is made to neutralize its blessed effects by a covert attack upon all the vital interests it supports. A host of professional writers, whose vocation lies in their necessities, urged by interest and unrestrained by principle, have ranged themselves under the standard of corruption, for the purpose of undermining the constitutional liberty of the land, by merciless assaults on all whose writings tend to support it, while under the licence conceded to their anonymous and political warfare, pique, envy, or invidiousness, are permitted to scatter their random shots, in personal slander or calumnious misrepresentation.

But a few more deaths like Keates' and Scott's—a few more vilifying and unfounded accusations, such as my sex have not saved me from—and life endangered, character blasted, feelings wounded, and indignation preying on itself, as it stifles; in its proud and spirited contempt, the prompt defence to the vile assault which has roused it—all must tend to terminate a contest unequally supported by the exposed few, and the hidden many; in whose favour, the generosity or indifference of the public must soon determine.

With respect to the general interests of literature, it may be advanced without fear of contradiction, that they have been more injured than benefited by the prevalence and influence of periodical reviews. Even the best and first of such publications have been accused of national partialities, of personal predilections, and of being subjected to the influence and interests of the publisher for whom, and in whose name, they are edited; while with respect to the whole corps of professional literary empires, it is undeniable that their works have tended to check the free play of public judgment, by forestalling its decisions; have enfeebled public taste, by pretending to guide it; have thrown literary opinion into leading-strings; and while, by imposing commentaries and scanty analyses, they have saved the indolent the trouble of reading, and the shallow the pains of thinking, they have supplied dogmatizing pretension with a tempting assortment of ready-cut and dried decisions, upon works unknown to it in the original; and thus furnished it with the means of giving the law in society, from whence those more highly gifted with original views and independent judgments withdraw in disgust, if not in intimidation. It is also from the multiplicity of periodical reviews of every calibre, and of every price, that the sphere of blue-stocking coterie-ship has been extended, and that literary discussion, in more enlightened circles has been placed under the ban of ridicule; for all fear to share that "dread laugh" raised against those Messieurs Trissotins, who prey on the pages of periodical publications as silkworms feed on less noxious leaves, and spin out again the light nutriment they have imbibed, until the flimsy fragile web, though it catch none but gad-flies, usurps and supplies the place of stuff of nobler texture, and more sterling material.

Literary Reviews were made for mediocrity—they have done nothing for superior genius; they are the converse of Falstaff's proposition on wit. Good works, in the present day, have succeeded in spite of their calumnies, and bad ones have failed in spite of their support. In the past days of literature they did not exist. When Chancer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Dryden wrote,—those great landmarks of British literature! there were no Reviews. These writers started fairly and unimpeded, for the goal of immortality! and reached it,—and if one name, destined to be added to this glorious list, was not "obscured in its original brightness," if it had not its brilliant dawning hurried into untimely obscurity; it was due to the young and firm nerve of him, who stood the brunt, and returned the shaft hurled at his aspiring genius;—a shaft which, had its aim succeeded, would have deprived this age of the poet, whose name in after times, may, perhaps, most distinguish it.

And now, about to withdraw from the lists, which I entered with more gaieté de cœur than I depart withal, I cannot take my leave of that public, to which I have appealed, without offering some acknowledgments of my sense of its protection and indulgence, which have almost rendered the foregoing defence against unfounded charges unnecessary. It is to the support of that public I owe it, that in spite of the shoals and shallows, which have impeded my literary course, I have still been enabled to keep my little bark afloat. Pirates, and privateers, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, with their letters of marque from high protecting powers, have opened their broadsides, and played off their small arms in vain.—Public opinion was still my pilot; and, towed safely into port by its assistance, I have never yet been run a-ground. The price given for my last venture from Italy, a pice (says one of my critics)

"Enough to bear a royal merchant down,"

is the best answer to those who have endeavoured to undervalue the cargo.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

HERMITAGE, September 15, 1821.

(New Monthly Magazine, Oct. 1821.)

EXTRA SHEET.

—385—

John Bull's New Discoveries.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

The letter of "A STAUNCH SUPPORTER" in Tuesday's **JOHN BULL**, seems but the introduction of some kind Friend, like the premeditated catchword of two professed Punters, to afford an opportunity for an Editorial reply to it; and accordingly the Breakfast Readers must be astounded at the profoundness of the views and the depth of the information, as well as at the sallies of wit which have been elicited from the Editor on the occasion.

"Of the mineral, animal, and vegetable products peculiar to the East" (he says) "we know little, but we are of opinion that some little knowledge of them would not be unbecoming. Gold, for instance, comes under this head; but who amongst our readers know anything at all about it, except, indeed, that it is the *heaviest*, the *most dense*, the *most simple*, the *most ductile*, and *most fixed* of ALL bodies. Is this a subject of no variety? is this a subject not fit to be discussed at a Breakfast Table? Is this a subject no ways calculated to make a silent party TALK at Dinner?"

By my truth is it, as it nothing short of a New System of Chemistry; for the authorities from the year 1741 to the New Edition of Brande, the latest work on Chemistry, inform us, that Gold is not the heaviest, nor the most dense (by the bye only another term for the heaviest), nor the most simple, nor the most fixed of all bodies. Every Chemist, every Mineralogist, every Astronomer, every Seaman who uses a Sextant, and every Sportman who uses a Joe Manton must be familiar with *Platina*, a body which exceeds Gold in heaviness, in density, in simplicity, and in fixeness; but if these persons be considered as a peculiar class, and to which the appellation of "the generality of readers" cannot be applied, the labours of these indefatigable Authors, Messrs. TULLOH and Co. and TAYLOR and Co. whose Works are read by more Breakfast Readers than of any other Publication in Calcutta, provide amply for the promulgation of the knowledge that *Platina* is not a new substance, or unknown to Auctioneers and other Philosophers.

TEST.

Indian News.

Madras, March 22, 1821.—The only Vessels that have arrived since Tuesday, are the **BRITANNIA** from Penang and Singapore—the **NARBUDA** from Bombay—and the **PALLAS** from Port Louis. They have conveyed no news.

Letters from Vizagapatam mention that a dreadful outrage was committed at Bimlipatam on the 10th instant.—Mr. Suter's house at that place was attacked by about 100 armed robbers at 10 o'clock at night of the 10th instant. He escaped to the top of his house by a trap door, but was caught and cruelly beaten. His Butler intreated for his master on his knees, which saved his life, the Deccois completely gutted the house, and broke doors, windows, couches, chairs, tables, lamps, wall shades, mirrors, bedsteads, carrying away every thing portable, plate, &c. &c.

There is a report of a large body of robbers being collected at Godylova near Bimlipatam, and a larger at Soobarum.

The troops are on the alert however, and guards will be stationed at the Houses of the Residents.—*Courier*.

Satellites of Venus.—The following singular property of the plain mirror is new, it is believed, to the Philosophical World. It was accidentally discovered by a Gentleman a few mornings since, and as the subject may excite much speculation we give his account of it in his own words. "Sitting this morning about gun-fire with my back to the East, the window being open and Venus shining brightly into the room, I was surprised to observe two Satellites close to that Planet reflected in the mirror which the Bearer was holding before me. I turned round immediately and looked at Venus, steadily with the naked eye, but could not discern them. Again I looked into the mirror and with the same success. I then tried another mirror, supposing that the appearance arose from some defect in the glass; but still the two luminous specks, like stars of the 6th magnitude, were distinctly visible. If the existence of this extraordinary property of the plain mirror, rivaling in its powers of magnifying nay surpassing the finest Instruments in the hands of the great Herschell himself, be confirmed by the experiments of other and more able observers than myself, it is difficult to say what wonderful discoveries may not shortly be made. The Satellites of the inferior Planets have long been a desideratum in Astronomy, and if the honor of their discovery be reserved for our new Calcutta Observatory, I shall sincerely rejoice that I have been the humble means, in the hands of Providence, of pointing out the path. There is one thing that puzzles me to account for, unless we have recourse to a new and not improbable theory of optics. I allude to the circumstance of Venus not exhibiting in the mirror, her present gibbous appearance, which a very ordinary telescope will show, while the two Satellites are distinctly represented in the speculum, tho' invisible to the

most powerful Instrument hitherto made. Those who are acquainted with the distinction between the rays of sensible and the rays of radiant heat, will be at no loss to conceive to what I allude. We are as yet but in the infancy of optical science, and light may have many properties which we are now on the eve perhaps of discovering."—*John Bull*

Calcutta.—It may not be generally known that there are Visitors of the Poor, acting under the Select Vestry, for the better investigation of cases for charitable relief within the city of Calcutta, each Visitor taking a portion of the city most convenient to his own home. Cases so investigated are reported to the Select Vestry, agreeable to printed forms, provided for the purpose; and in any case, where immediate assistance is necessary, it is ministered by order of any Member of the Vestry till the next meeting, when the case is brought under further consideration, and the proper relief afforded.—*John Bull*.

Native Newspapers.

Contents of the **SUNGRAUD COWMUDDY** No. XVIII.—1—Recrimination on the Editor of the **SUMMOCHAR CHUNDRIKA**.—2—Sale of Lottery Tickets.—3—Departure for Calcutta of Mr. Harrington Member of Council.—4—Loss of a Boat on the river.—5—Account of killing the Rhinoceros.—6—Differences with the Chinese Authorities.—7—Trial for Perjury in the Supreme Court.

Contents of the **JAM-I JUHAN NOOMA** No. I.—1—Rebellion in Kabool, and confinement of Dost Mohammed Khan, a Spy.—2—Mr. Harrington.—3—Abolition of the Duty on Firewood.—4—Runjeet Sing's Expedition into Phowalpoor.—5—The Poorneeh or Bribery Case.

La Place and Copernicus.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

COPERNICUS asks how I can confound his mention of **LA PLACE** as a great Geometer, and a quotation from his works on our *travis rapports avec la Nature*, with the known Fatalism and Atheism of **LA PLACE**. Let him prove the confusion before he asks how it happened. If he had spoken of **LA PLACE** only as a great Geometer, and had abstained from reference to his moral reveries, I could not have offered the slightest objection.

The Atheism of **La Place** is to be found in all his works, especially in his *Dissertations on Probabilities*. Not being possessed of them I can make no quotations; but there is enough for my purpose in the letter of **COPERNICUS**. That necessary and eternal stability, independent of Divine interposition, which **LA PLACE** ascribes to the Solar System, is Atheism. In all the Astronomical conditions that **LA PLACE** requires to make the planetary revolutions "work smoothly," there is no more efficacy, independent of the ceaseless energy of the Divine will, than in any other imaginable conditions whatever. This is the doctrine of Newton, of Playfair, and will be that of **COPERNICUS** when he understands it: it is not the doctrine of **LA PLACE**.

COPERNICUS says, "After all, I am sure **THEOPHILUS** would not deny us an Observatory; even though he could prove to our satisfaction, that **LA PLACE** is all he accuses him of being." I know not on what his good opinion of me is founded; and yet the liberality for which he gives me credit is no more than I am entitled to. No man is better disposed to alleviate that burthen of "money in both pockets," which is dinned into our ears at every public dinner at the Town Hall, and to apply a little of its surplus to the building of a cathedral, churches, bridges &c. &c.; and therefore if I had been asked yesterday I would not have hesitated to give my good wishes for an Observatory, with all its appurtenances on the most handsome scale, so as to satisfy its Superintendent that it "worked smoothly" internally and externally, and to enable him, of an evening, with his axis in *peritrochio*, to assume whatever eccentricity of orbit he pleased: but when I find a humble instrument in the hands of Providence out-Herschelling Herschel by means of a "plain mirror;" when I find the Daughters of Venus visiting a Gentleman at gun-fire in the morning, though divested of that gibbosity which is indispensable to the Graces and their Mother; when such wonders burst upon us, I must pause until it be ascertained whether a common Observatory would be superfluous, or inadequate to the new exigencies of the science.

April 4, 1822.

THEOPHILUS.

HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS DAY. H. M.
Morning 1 36
Evening 2 0

Moon's Age..... 14 Days.

Shock of an Earthquake.*To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.*

SIR,

None of the phenomena of Nature excite more interest in men's minds, now that science has satisfactorily explained their causes, than the Earthquake, that comes suddenly without giving any previous warning of its approach, is sometimes attended with the most dreadful consequences, at other times passes away without leaving any visible trace of its existence.

On Wednesday night (the 3rd of April) Calcutta experienced one of these mysterious visitations, which indeed are by no means infrequent here, and it would be highly desirable that persons in different parts of the country, as far as it may have extended, should communicate to the Public the circumstances that come to their knowledge, that by comparing the different accounts together something like a clear notion of its direction, extent, and duration may be acquired. The shock felt at Calcutta may be described nearly as follows:—It happened about 26 minutes past 10 o'clock, and lasted perhaps about a minute; but some say two, some four minutes; statements which cannot be much relied on unless measured by a Watch or other time-piece, as our notion of duration is not very clear, especially when the mind is under any unusual impression. To a person sitting in an upper room the motion seemed undulating, the chair moving with him like a boat in a gentle surf, and it was attended with a hollow noise, which gave him at first the idea of machinery working in the room below. The table shades and tirpases moved, the liquor in the glasses was agitated and some who were "nae fu" but just had plenty, began to mistrust their senses when they perceived things reeling at this rate, and suspected they were more than half seas over. Others who had gone to bed started out of their sleep and stared wildly about them: wives ran to their husbands with faces as pale as possible with fright: the inhabitants of old frail tenements ran into the street for safety; Bearers snoring by the side of their Palankeens turned over on the other side and scratched themselves; Dogs barked, the crows roosted on the trees were roused by the agitation and began hurraing throw the air, in harsh concert, which the Natives joined with horns and other noisy accompaniments.

"And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry."

Calcutta, April 4, 1822.

A QUAKER.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Doubtless, you will have many accounts of the Earthquake last night: mine is a very short one. Sitting at a table with two of my Sons, the youngest first perceived it, while asking myself and his Brother, if we did not feel the House shaking. The water in the glass on the table and the oil in the lamps, were considerably agitated. On rising, my eldest Son complained of his feet feeling as if benumbed: the crows on the trees in the Bankshall Garden were then cawing. By the Church Clock, the time was 25 minutes past 10. On retiring to my bed chamber, immediately after, the crows on the trees in the Mint compound, were cawing pretty loudly, and continued doing so, at short intervals, TILL PAST ONE O'CLOCK.

The first shocks were vibratory, and to us, the motion appeared to be from North to South and vice versa, and to have lasted above a minute after we first became sensible of them; but I was sensible of repeated faint shocks until 11 o'clock. They were distinctly indicated by the agitation of the fluid in a glass, which was on a teapoy, close to a candle, three or four feet from where I was sitting, and which agitation could not have been caused by the air which was excluded from the corner in which the teapoy stood, or by any other means for which I can account.

Calcutta, April 4, 1822.

C. D.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

About 24 minutes past 10 o'clock last night we had a very violent shock of an Earthquake, which was followed by two others at intervals of some seconds: the vibrations between the shocks were very sensibly felt and continued sometime after the last shock. The rattling of the Doors, the waving of the Punkahs, and the vibration of the hanging Lamps, in addition to our being rocked as in a cradle, produced no very pleasant sensation, and continued during the whole time: indeed the hanging Lamps moved long afterwards.

I am told that some persons, in the Barrack heard a rumbling noise. Of the latter I was not sensible, but I was right glad when all was still again. It was a beautiful moon-light night, and cool, without much wind, until the shocks had ceased when we had several strong gusts of wind.

In one of the houses here, a beam in the roof of one of the lower rooms, measuring about 20 feet long and 7 inches by 9, was much split, and apparently violently wrenched. The fracture is about 6 feet long and in the center; there can be little doubt that it was caused by the Earthquake.

Dum-Dum, April 4,

N. B.

Government Orders.**MILITARY.**

General Orders, by His Excellency the Most Noble the Governor General in Council.

FORT WILLIAM MARCH, 26, 1822.

The undermentioned Gentlemen, Cadets of Artillery and Infantry, and Assistant Surgeons, are admitted to the Service on this Establishment, in conformity with their Appointment by the Honorable the Court of Directors. The Cadets are severally promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant and Ensign, leaving the dates of their Commissions for future adjustment.

Artillery.—Mr. Hampden Nicholson Pepper, date of arrival in Fort William, 23d of March, 1822. Mr. Edward Madden, ditto ditto.

Infantry.—Mr. John Assey Fairhead, date of arrival in Fort William, 23d of March, 1822. Mr. Frederic Moore, ditto ditto.

Medical Establishment.—Mr. Thomas Forrest, date of arrival in Fort William, 23d of March, 1822. Mr. Robert Grahame, ditto ditto.

FORT WILLIAM, MARCH 30, 1822.

In continuation of General Orders of the 19th September, 1818, the Most Noble the Governor General in Council directs, that henceforward, it shall be clearly understood, that an Officer drawing full Tentage, is not entitled to Boat allowance on his return to his Corps, or Station, from the performance of a duty necessarily requiring a Water Conveyance.

Detachments of Native Troops after performing any duty on which they may be employed by water, are invariably to be ordered to return to their Station by land, unless the exigencies of the public service should require a different arrangement.

The Governor General in Council is pleased to make the following appointment.

Assistant Surgeon J. M. Todd, to perform the Medical duties of the Civil Station of Tipperah.

Brevet Captain John Grant, Interpreter and Quarter Master of the 2d Battalion 5th Regiment Native Infantry, is permitted to proceed to Sea, for the benefit of his health, and to be absent on that account from Bengal, for ten months.

The arrival in India of Major General Thomas Reynell, C. B. of His Majesty's Service, who stands appointed to the Staff of this Presidency, having been Officially reported to Government, the temporary appointment of Major General Thomas, C. B. to the Bengal Staff, consequently ceases from this date.

The Governor General in Council is pleased to make the following Promotion.

4th Regiment Light Cavalry.—Cornet Robert Frederick Dongan to be Lieutenant from the 20th of February, 1822, in succession to Buchanan, deceased.

Mr. William Grime, in conformity with his Appointment as an Assistant Surgeon on this Establishment, by the Honorable the Court of Directors, published in General Orders of the 24th May last, having satisfied Government on the points of qualification therein required, is admitted to the Service; date of arrival in Fort William 9th March, 1822.

WM. CASEMENT, Lt. Col. Sec. to Govt. Mil. Dept.

General Orders, by the Commander in Chief, Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 27, 1822.

Ensigns J. A. Fairhead and Frederic Moore, whose admission to the Service and Promotion to their present rank are notified in Government General Orders of the 26th instant, are appointed to do duty with the Honorable Company's European Regiment. Orders for their proceeding to join will be issued hereafter.

Assistant Surgeon Thomas Forrest and Robert Grahame, admitted to the Service in the same General Orders, are appointed to do duty at the Presidency General Hospital until further orders.

The appointment by Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, C. B. under date the 11th instant, of Lieutenant Stedman, Interpreter and Quarter Master 7th Light Cavalry, to the situation of Station Staff at Karnaul, is cancelled by the promotion of Captain Newton, is confirmed.

The undermentioned Officer has leave of Absence.
2d Battalion 17th Regiment.—Captain Dick from 26th March to 26th May, in extension to remain at the Presidency, on Medical Certificate.

Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 28, 1822.

The leave of absence granted to Major Alder of the 2d Battalion 30th Regiment, in General Orders of the 18th January last, is extended to the 20th of May next.

Lieutenant Lermitt of the 1st Battalion 12th Regiment, recently arrived from Europe, is permitted to do duty with the Detachment of the

Friday, April 5, 1822.

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1st Battalion 20th Native Infantry under the Command of Captain Manley at Barrackpore, until the 20th of June, when, he will proceed and join the Corps to which he belongs.

Captain R. P. Field of Invalids, and Fort Adjutant at Buxar, has permission to remain at the Presidency until the 20th of June, when he will proceed to his Station.

The following Removal to take place in the Regiment of Artillery. Lieutenant C. Smith from the 1st Company 2d Battalion to the 5th Company 1st Battalion.

The undermentioned Officers have leave of Absence.

District Staff,—Captain Gough, Brigade March, to 20th March, to 20th April, to visit Kyreeghur and Pillibeat.

1st Battalion 6th Regiment—Lieutenant Wm. Minto, from 15th April, to 15th October, to visit the Hill Provinces, on Medical Certificate.

2d Battalion 15th Regiment,—Ensign Townsend, from 15th April, to 15th October, to visit Almorah, on Medical Certificate.

2d Battalion 1st Regiment,—Lieutenant A. Macdonald, from 15th May, to 15th November, to visit the Presidency, on urgent private affairs.

Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 29, 1822.

Ensign R. Somerville of the 2d Battalion 21st Regiment, is permitted to join and do duty with the 1st Battalion 19th Regiment Native Infantry at Benares until the breaking up of the ensuing Rains, when the Major-General Commanding will be pleased to direct his proceeding to join his own Corps.

The undermentioned Officers have leave of Absence.

General Staff,—Major-General L. Thomas, from 1st April to 1st August, to visit Benares, on his private affairs.

9th Regiment,—Surgeon G. King, from 1st April, to 1st July, in extension, to remain at the Presidency, on urgent private affairs.

2d Battalion 30th Regiment,—Captain Wm. McKie, from 10th April, to 30th May, in extension, to enable him to rejoin his Corps.

1st Battalion 3d Regiment,—Lieutenant Alexander Farquharson, from 1st April, to 2d June, in extension, on Medical Certificate.

Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 30, 1822.

Major C. T. Higgins, late Officiating Town Major of Fort William, has permission to remain at the Presidency for 3 months from this date, to adjust his Accounts in that Office.

At an European General Court Martial assembled at Mhow on Thursday the Fourteenth day of February, 1822, of which Major H. S. Pepper, 1st Battalion 3d Regiment Native Infantry, is President, Gunner, Richard Edwards, 2d Troop Horse Brigade, was arraigned upon the undermentioned Charge, viz.

“Mutiny, in having on the night of the 26th of November 1821, in Camp in Julmy, snapped a pistol loaded with a ball'd Cartridge at Corporal Michael Macguire of the 2d Troop Horse Brigade, while he, Corporal Macguire, was in the execution of his duty, as Non-Commissioned Officer of a Guard.”

Upon which Charge the Court came to the following decision.

Finding and Sentence.—“The Court having maturely weighed the Evidence in support of the Prosecution, and the Prisoner's Defence, is of opinion, that he is Guilty of the Charge exhibited against him, and does therefore adjudge and Sentence him, Gunner Richard Edwards, 2d Troop Horse Brigade, to suffer two years solitary confinement, wherever his Excellency the Most Noble the Commander in Chief may be pleased to appoint.

Approved, (Signed) HASTINGS.

Remarks by His Excellency the Most Noble the Commander in Chief. The excellent Character antecedently borne by the prisoner, and the lively interest testified for him by all his Comrades in a Corps which has powerful claims on the Commander in Chief through its uniform admirable conduct, may sanction clemency in this instance, notwithstanding the grievous nature of the offence. His Excellency is pleased to grant a free pardon to Richard Edwards, and to direct that he be allowed to return to his Duty. At the same time, it is necessary to give a solemn warning against this lenity's misleading any one into a supposition that so deep a crime can ever in future be as mildly treated; For, should the Commander in Chief have reason to believe that a hope of impunity founded on the remission of the present Sentence had encouraged a similar act of violence in a Soldier against his superior, it would be indispensible that His Excellency should turn a deaf ear to any plea for mitigating whatsoever might be the punishment awarded by a General Court Martial.

W. L. WATSON, Depy. Adj. Genl. of the Army.

THE FOLLOWING ARE GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA.

Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 28, 1822.

Referring to General Orders dated the 6th instant, the mourning for her late Majesty will terminate on the 31st instant, or the day after the receipt of this order.

Head-quarters, Calcutta, March 29, 1822.

Lieutenant Frederick Meade, of H. M. 88th Regiment is appointed an Aide-de-Camp to Major General Thomas Reynell, C. B.

Under the rule laid down in General Orders issued from the Department of the Adjutant General to His Majesty's Forces, dated Calcutta 5th November 1816, the Most Noble the Commander in Chief in India is pleased to promote the undermentioned Subaltern of 15 years standing and upwards, to the rank of Captain by Brevet in the East Indies from the 14th February, 1822.

88th Regiment, Lieutenant Frederick Meade.

Head-Quarters, Calcutta, March 30, 1822.

Lieutenant (Brevet Captain) Young, and Lieutenant Fergusson of the 5th Dragons, and Lieutenant McDermott of the 14th Foot, have leave to remain at the Presidency until the opening of the river to enable them to rejoin their Corps.

Head-Quarters, Calcutta, April, 1, 1822.

1. Whenever an officer present with his Corps has occasion to apply for a Certificate of ill health, caused by wounds, &c. &c. in order to enable him to make application through the prescribed channel for leave of absence, the annexed Form of Medical Certificate is to be adopted, in which the Medical Officer is to state most fully the nature of the wounds, or disease, &c. and his opinion as to the period which will probably elapse previous to such officer being able to resume his Military duties, also to what station, or place, he would recommend his proceeding, and whether the complaint is likely to render a voyage to England, or to sea necessary.

2. This Certificate is to be furnished by the Medical Officer, in duplicate, the original of which is to be forwarded through the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, with the application for leave of absence, and the duplicate is to be kept, by the officer himself for the information of the Medical person, or persons, who may subsequently attend him, or for the purpose of being laid before the Medical Board, in case of his requiring leave to return to Europe, or to proceed to sea, as in either case, a Certificate from that department will be required.

3. Any application for an extension of leave on account of a continuance of ill health, is invariably to be accompanied by a Certificate as before described, and it is to be clearly understood, that except in cases of extreme urgency, such application must pass through the Commanding Officer of the Regiment to which the applicant belongs.

4. An Officer visiting the Presidency on Medical Certificate, stating the necessity of his proceeding to sea, or to England, his leave will be annouced accordingly, and the Certificate required from the Medical Board in that case is to be transmitted by the sick officer through the Brigade Major King's Troops, to the Adjutant General, for submission to the Commander in Chief, without passing through the prescribed channel on account of the extreme distance of some of the stations, and and which course is rendered unnecessary by the wording of the General Order in the first instance granting the officer leave to repair to Calcutta preparatory to his appearing before the Board.

5. All application from officers for leave of absence, or for an extension of leave of absence, upon private affairs, are invariably to be made through the officers Commanding their Corps respectively, and officers should regulate their applications with reference to the expiration of their leaves and distances of their Corps, so as to give time for a reference to head quarters, for a renewal before the expiration of the old term.

6. Any applications which may come to the Commander in Chief contrary to the foregoing instruction, will be returned as incapable of receiving attention until the requisite vouchers shall be supplied.

7. Their Excellencies General Sir A. Campbell, and Lieutenant General the Honorable Sir C. Colville, will be pleased to issue such subsidiary orders as they may deem necessary, with reference to the 4th Paragraph of this order, so as to make corresponding arrangements at Madras, and at Bombay.

By Order of the Most Noble the Commander in Chief.

THOS. McMAHON, Col. A. G.

FORM.

of the

Regiment

having applied for a Certificate on which to ground an application for leave of absence, I do hereby certify that I have carefully examined this officer and find that*

* The nature of the disease, wounds, &c. is to be here fully stated, and the period during which the Officer has suffered under its effects,

and that in consequence thereof, I conceive him to be incapable of Military duty. I further declare my belief that he will not be able to resume his duties in a less period than

Dated at _____ this _____ day of _____
Signature of the }
Medical Officer, }

Fort William.—General Department, March 29, 1822.

The Most Noble the Governor General in Council is pleased to direct, that the following Appendix authorized by Government to be added to the Rules passed on the 1st of March 1817, in regard to deductions proposed to be made from the Salaries of Civil Servants, when absent from their Stations, whether on account of bad health, or on account of their private affairs, also in respect to the Scale of Extra and Deputation Allowances to be granted to Civil Servants, when employed in Officiating or temporary Appointments, be published for the information of the Honorable Company's Civil Service on this Establishment.

Appendix to the Rules, passed on the 1st March, 1817.
Sections 26, 27, 31 and 32, are abrogated.

In Section 30, first line, the words "Registers or Acting Registers of Zillah or City Courts," are to be substituted for the words, "Registers to Provincial Courts," which Appointments have been abolished.

The words "Joint Magistrates," are to be added in the Margin of Section 28.

Under the foregoing modifications, the case of an Assistant Officiating as Register, as Joint Magistrate, or as Magistrate, or as Judge and Magistrate, and of a Register Officiating as Joint Magistrate, or as Judge and Magistrate, will come within the provisions of Section 22.

The following addition is to be made to the 7th Article of the Printed Rules.—"Individuals who may from ill health, be unable to perform their duties, and who may in consequence be compelled to deliver over charge of their Offices to another person, shall be subject to the specified deductions, although they may not actually leave their Stations."

The following revised scale of deductions to be made from the Allowances of Civil Servants proceeding to Sea, or beyond the limits of the Presidency to which they belong, for the benefit of their health, under the prescribed Certificates, is authorized by Government, and is to take effect from the 1st of May, 1822.

Civil Servants proceeding to Sea, or beyond the limits of the Presidency to which they belong, on Certificate of ill health, if absent for a period not exceeding Two years, to be subjected to a deduction of 1-10th from their Allowances. If necessarily absent for any longer period beyond Two years and not exceeding two and a half years, to be subjected to a deduction of 1-5th for such additional period, and if the term of absence shall exceed two and half years, the whole of the Allowances of the Absentee to cease from the expiration of that period.

By Command of His Excellency the Most Noble the Governor General in Council,

C. LUSHINGTON, Actg. Chief Sec. to the Govt.

† The Medical Officer is here to state, candidly and explicitly, his opinions as to the period which will probably elapse before the Officer will be able to undertake his Military duties.

Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
April 4	Duke of Bedford	British	E. Oakes	Bombay	Feb. 7
4	Fly, off Calcutta	British	J. L. Emmott	Bombay	Feb. 15

The Portuguese Brig *ESPERANCA*, Captain J. Machado, put back with the loss of all her Masts.

The *MARY ANN*, CATHERINE, HELEN (brig), FUTTA ROHMAN (Arab), and PREMIERE REYDO REINO UNIDO (P.) arrived off Calcutta on Wednesday last.

The Ship *RESOLUTION*, Captain S. Massingham, for South America, is expected to sail in two or three days.

Packets Recovered.

Packets from the Wreck of the late Ship *MATILDA*.

The Honorable Company's Row Boat; No. 38, has just brought up to Town, Thirteen Small Boxes, apparently Post Office Packets (though all the directions are off), and a great number of Paper Packets and Letters, the whole of which were picked up in a large chest by the people belonging to the above Row Boat, near Edmonstone's Island. All of the above are in a damaged state, from having been long in the water. The whole have been sent to the Chief Secretary's Office.

Military Arrivals and Departures.

Weekly List of Military Arrivals at, and Departures from, the Presidency.

Arrivals.—Major T. D. Broughton, Honorable Company's European Regiment, from Ghazeepeer; Captain J. Orchard, ditto, from ditto; Lieutenant G. Forster, 6th Light Cavalry, from Mhow; Lieutenant H. D. Cox, 2d Battalion 20th Native Infantry, from Penang; Lieutenant J. Hoare, ditto, from ditto; Assistant Surgeon D. Ramsay, ditto, from ditto; Assistant Surgeon J. R. Buchanan, ditto, from ditto.

Departures.—Captain A. Dick, 2d Battalion 17th Native Infantry, to the Sand Heads; Captain G. Arnold, 2d Light Cavalry, to Europe; Captain S. Moody, 1st Battalion 4th Native Infantry, to Jubbulpore; Lieutenant H. Garstin, 6th Light Cavalry, to Mhow; Lieutenant J. W. Scott, Artillery Regiment, to Chittagong.

Vessels in the River.

Statement of Shipping in the River Hoogly, on the 1st of April, 1822.

	Vessels	Tons
His Majesty's Ship,	1	—
Honorable Company's Ship,	1	—
Free Traders, for Great Britain,	4	1852
Ships and Vessels employed in the Country Trade,	16	7108
Laid up for Sale or Freight,	5	2049
American Vessel,	1	230
French Vessels,	2	763
Portuguese Vessels,	2	1250
Arabian Vessel,	1	438
Total,	33	13669
Free Traders in the River, on the 1st of Apr. 1821, . . .	5	2433
Ditto ditto, on the 1st of Apr. 1822,	4	1852
Decrease,	1	581

Commercial Reports.

(From the Calcutta Exchange Price Current of yesterday.)

Indigo.—We have not heard of any large sales in this during the week, but prices keep firm, and the principal holders are shipping for Europe—the Arabs are still in the market—we have to state a sale that took place two days ago about 100 maunds of mixed Indigo, at 205 per maund, duty paid. The following Statement exhibits the Exportation of it up to the 31st ultimo.

Great Britain 36,590; Foreign Europe 8,934; America 12,089; Persian Gulf 8,983; On the Honorable Company's Ships 3,553; Total Factory Maunds 69,577.

Cotton.—Has been very dull during the week, and on the decline; at Mirzapore it has also suffered a decline on the 26th of March, new Catchoura was stated at 15-12 per local maund; the article arriving in large quantities, and little business doing in it. At Bogwongolah 30th of March, new Catchoura was quoted at 15-6 to 15-8 per maund—sales during the week 10,200 maunds, 5000 maunds of which were for Calcutta, and the rest for country consumption, stock 30,000 maunds.

Opium.—We have heard of no transactions in this during the week.

Saltpetre and Sugar.—Have not been much in demand since our last—the former is rather looking down.

Piece Goods.—The demand for them has considerably increased during the week—the Portuguese are the principal purchasers.

Tutenague and Spelter.—The importation in the latter article have been very considerable of late, which has occasioned a fall in the price of it; sales have been effected during the week at our quotations.

Pepper.—The demand for this has been limited through the week, but prices continue steady.

Freight to London.—May be stated at £5 to £7 per Ton.

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills,	4 per cent.
Ditto on Government Bills of Exchange,	3 per cent.
Interest on Loans on Deposit,	3 per cent.
Bank Shares—Premium,	29 a 30 per cent.

Marriage Contradicted.

The Report of the Marriage at Dacca between Mr. Bagram Johanes and Mrs. Aurora Doucett, Widow of the late Mr. James Doucett, announced in the *JOHN BULL* of the 21st ultimo, is totally unfounded.